

JUVENILE AMBITIONS.

Jealousies and Yearnings That Beset the Small Boy.

HIS MISERY AND TRIUMPHS.

The Things That Other Boys Had and He Wanted and Couldn't Get—A Fat Man's Memory Deeply Stirred by a Pair of Sleeve Protectors.

"The other day at a poultry market I saw a chicken butcher wearing a pair of those basket sleeve protectors, and I stood and laughed like a fool," said the fat man. "First time I'd seen a pair of basket sleeve protectors for years, and so I just had to laugh. Tell you why. When I was a little I used to look with wonder and awe upon a fellow who wore a pair of basket sleeve protectors. I considered that fellow with a pair of those things was all right, all right, plus some more."

"They had a kind of jaunty air about 'em that I couldn't and can't define, but it was there, and I revered and revered 'em. I made up my mind that if I ever grew up and got the price, me, too, for a pair of those basket sleeve protectors, no matter what sort of work I'd happen to tackle."

"Queer diseases, boys, eh? Remember those patent pencil attachments that marketmen used to have—may have 'em yet—bribed to their aprons? Well, I thought those were pretty nifty things, too, and I used to secretly hanker to own one of 'em. Made up my mind that I would own one of 'em, too, when I got to be a man, but somehow I never seemed to want one when I reached the shaving age."

"Guess some of my ambitions as a boy were pretty crazy anyhow. I was so jealous of the first boy I ever met that could spit through his teeth at a mark and hit it that I hated him. That same boy pretty early in life got a job driving a delivery wagon for a grocery. Well, pretty soon after he got that job he was wearing a pair of those patent elastic sleeve supporters, or holders, or whatever you'd call 'em—things with a clasp at either end that pulled the cuff back from the wrist. This boy's pair of those things were pink elastic, and how he used to flaunt 'em before my eyes!"

"He knew damned well that those pink elastic sleeve supporters looked finer to me than any Star of India or Victoria Cross could possibly look, and he knew besides that because I had to go to school and wasn't earning anything there wasn't a possible chance on earth for me to get a pair like 'em—and so he just held 'em over me and made my life miserable. Yet when I got to the wage earning age I never seemed to care at all for a pair of pink elastic sleeve supporters."

"Another boy I hated had a maroon colored cardigan jacket. This was before the day of sweaters. This hated boy wore the cardigan jacket beneath his regular outer coat and so he didn't have to wear any overcoat. That, I considered, was a gorgeous blessing—not to have to wear an overcoat to school. I despised this boy for having it on me that way. Anyhow, his maroon colored cardigan jacket had a couple of pockets in front that he kept full of all kinds of junk—sometimes he even carried mice to school in 'em. And that made my indignation all the greater—the fact that he had those two mice covered up pockets to his cardigan jacket."

"One great triumph did come to my like life, though, and that was the fact that I was the first boy of my school to own a pair of copper loaf boots. Well, I sprang the first pair, as I say, at my school, and I guess I didn't break the hearts of all the other boys or nothing! Besides the copper loaf, these boots had red tops, with a silver star and crescent stamped on the red tops, and that made the boys all the more frightened to the other kids that had to see one stalking around in these boots. After awhile, though, nearly all of the other youngsters showed up with copper loaf boots and thus took the wind out of my sails."

"We never see boys wearing peaked caps any more—not? I don't mean these dinky little cloth caps with peaks to 'em, but regular soldiers' caps with glazed peaks. First boy that turned up in our neighborhood with one of those things on made a sensation, all right. This same boy had got hold of a carpenter's pencil somewhere, and he'd stick that carpenter's pencil underneath his front cap, with the sharpened end protruding in a mighty brave way that certainly caused us to regard him as some punkin. I was always crazy for a carpenter's pencil when I was a boy, but I never got hold of one—never did have much luck when I was a boy anyhow. My folks were too blamed respectable."

"As a matter of fact—you can believe it or not, but I'm telling you the truth—they wouldn't let me at the age of ten apply for the job of brakeman on a passenger train. That, I thought, was the finest job in the world—brakeman on a passenger train—just swinging a red lantern all the time, and wearing a peaked cap mostly on the left ear, and the peak pushed back so as to show an old hand plastered down, and sitting on a wood box in the smoker talking to fellows, and carrying a pair of red flags around everywhere, and all that. But the main appeal of the brakeman's job was the pair of red lanterns."

"Oh, well, that pair of basket sleeve protectors that I saw at the poultry market the other day certainly carried me back a long way, and I was still laughing like a fool when I strolled away."—*Charleston News and Courier.*

Baseless.
"Hear the story of the shabby building?"
"Nope. What is it?"
"Oh, there's no foundation to it."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

There are no greater wretches in the world than many of those whom people in general take to be happy.—*Seneca.*

A PUMA CUB.

He Was Plucky, but Paid For His Temerity With His Life.

Misling like a sudden peyser, the great puma mother crouches with flaming eyes. Ridge of her tawny back blushed in rage, tail a switch, steel sinews rigid beneath soft skin, she glared at her four cubs in the cage corner. A dirty ball of spotted fur sprawled on unsteady legs across toward her. Out shot a mighty paw; the baby was hurled suddenly back among his cowering brothers and sisters.

"Nasty temper," I remarked to the keeper. "Has she been long like that?" "Started this forenoon." He shook his head in anxiety. "I don't like it. I'll have to separate them, I fear."

The unnatural mother commenced pacing her prison, snarling viciously at her offspring in passing. Three huddled together in a pitiful heap, but one stood up and defied her. A jungle terror in miniature, his tiny rage was magnificent. Tensely alert before his trembling mates, he shifted warily to meet each blow, dodging, spitting, striking out an awkward paw at the great thrusts.

"They don't turn on their cubs often. Only knew it once before. You notice, mein herr, her claws are not out when she strikes. That's come; then we will lose some promising babies here."

The young German keeper was greatly distressed. I returned in the morning to see how the affair had progressed. Entering the Frankfurt Zoo, I found the lion house. My friend stood in the empty corridor looking into the cage. Sleek forms shifted restlessly on every side; a pale light came from above; the place was close with a heavy odor.

He greeted me mournfully. "The little beggar was too spirited. She got him last night. Just a second, in her jaws, and the taxidermist won't attempt to stuff the skin." The remaining cubs peered wonderingly at us from an adjoining cage; the murderer paced in silence, but her eyes were alive with a strange fascinating light. The tragedy had stirred the rows of imprisoned beasts. An uneasy howl in a chilling cry came from the leopards; the lion's deep throat-gutted sent unwelcome quivers through one's nerves.

I left the building, relieved to feel the breeze and see the sunlight. Poor little chap of a puma, he surely had tremendous pluck!—*Travel Magazine.*

A PRESENT DAY UTOPIA.

Moore's Island, the Happiest and Fairest Spot on Earth.

Hugo Parion, writing in the *Outing Magazine*, says that the happiest and most beautiful spot on earth today is the island of Moore, one of the Society Islands, in the south seas. As a contrast to strenuous American methods this description sounds alluring:

"Whenever you are thirsty a word will send a little brown body scrambling up a tall palm tree trunk, and in two minutes a green coconut is ready for you to snuff—the nectar of the Polynesian gods. It is worth the trip down here to eat the native 'vitalls,' for you get at every meal things you never tasted before, and each seems better than its predecessor; to see your dinner of fresh water shrimps, sharks' fins and roasted sea urchins. The bananas you eat there are eleven varieties—baked, raw, fried, dried—grow a few rods back in the valley; ditto the breadfruit, the pineapples and about everything else on the board. It's nice to have your morning coffee grown in the back yard. Guavas grow in such profusion they are used as pig food, grated coconut is fed to hens, while sensitive plant is considered excellent fodder for cattle."

"For perfection of the human body the Tahitian is unexcelled. If, indeed, he is anywhere equaled. They are a large race, both men and women being noticeably taller and more fully developed than Anglo-Saxons. I doubt if any Society Islander ever went through a whole day in his life without having a wreath of flowers on his head or a blossom behind his ear. The love of flowers is innate with man, woman and child. They can't pass through a patch of woods without emerging with a garland. Every gay mead calls for flowers on their hats. In their daily, behind their ears, and their life is an almost unbroken sequence of gay moods. Scarcely a native on the island of Moore can speak a sentence of English, but every one you meet greets you with a courteous smile and the well-known word 'la-ou-na' (Yorana)."

Poetry Defined.
George P. Morris, the author of "Woodman, Spare That Tree," was a general of the New York militia and a favorite with all who knew him. Mrs. Sherwood in her reminiscences tells how another poet associated the general with a definition of poetry.

Once Fitz-Greene Halleck, the author of "Marco Bozzaris," called upon her in New York in his old age, and she asked him to define for her what was poetry and what was prose.

He replied: "When General Morris commands his brigade and says, 'Soldiers, draw your swords!' he talks prose. When he says 'Soldiers, draw your willing swords!' he talks poetry."

A Bargain.
"What?" exclaimed the husband. "You drew your savings from the bank, went to a broker's office and bought Z, X, and Y stock at 14, when it has been dropping like a rock?"

"But, my dear," argued the wife, "it was such a bargain. Why, during the short time I was in the office I saw the man mark it down to 14 from 45!"—*Success Magazine.*

Next to excellence is the appreciation of it.—*Thackeray.*

Sappho.
Sappho was born in Lesbos about the end of the seventh century B. C. In antiquity the fame of Sappho rivaled that of Homer. She was called "the poetess," he was called "the poet." She was styled "the tenth muse," "the flower of the Muses," "a miracle," "the beautiful." But few fragments of her works are preserved, and these only incidentally by other writers.

THE "TUPPENCE" HABIT.

It Has a Firm Grip on London and Its Inhabitants.

Tuppence—meaning, of course, two pence and equal to the sum of 2 cents in United States currency—is the dominating sum in London. It is as much an institution as the war debt, beer or the game of cricket. Wherever you go, whatever you do, whatever you sell or whenever you open your mouth it is tuppence or a series of that sum that is extracted from you. It more than takes the place of the five cent piece in America or the three penny bit in the British possessions.

Tuppence is as much as a fairly well to do worker can afford for his meal at midday. In the poorer restaurants that sum gets him two slices and a big mug, or three slices and a little mug, or a portion of cake and a drink, or a fried egg, slice and small mug, or a sausage with mash or bread, or a rasher of bacon. In the next higher class everything drinkable is two pence per cup, while pastry, pies, etc., are the same sum 'per head. At the "popular"—i. e., "no gentilities"—restaurants the waiters expect a tuppenny tip (though it is advertised otherwise by the proprietors), and the non-tipper has a bad time. At most cafes tipping is the usual thing, and tuppence is expected and is accepted with the servile bow and pleased expression that distinguishes the English and continental waiter upon such occasions.

The tuppenny tube is well known. You deposit that sum, and you get in anywhere and get out anywhere else you please. On trolley cars and buses that amount will carry you for an hour or two very often, usually to the terminus. The railroad porter who carries your rug a few yards or who says "Yus" when you ask if the train has stopped always has his hand out for the usual fee, though he will carry your two large bags and whatever else you have for half a mile over high stairs and low lines and accept the same amount with the same satisfaction.

The cabby to whom you give coppers over the legal fare salutes you respectfully, but if you pay double fare in a lordly manner he wants more and is apt to make disparaging remarks about your breeding, as may the bootblack to whom you give 15 instead of 2 pence. The cabby is the surer of the two, however, for disparaging remarks, to which characteristic, I really believe, can be traced the advent of the taximeter.—*New York Post.*

THE ART OF JUGGLING.

It Demands Much Hard Work and Unlimited Patience.

"To be a successful juggler it is necessary to possess infinite patience. Some tricks require such long and continuous practice that unless a man possessed great patience and unlimited powers of perseverance he would despair of ever being able to perform them," says Paul Chiquet in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. "Take a trick, for example, like balancing a tall glass on four straws placed on the forehead. It looks easy enough, but it took me years of practice before I could do it. While I am balancing the glass I also juggle with five hats at the same time. I never, as a matter of fact, see the hats. They are hidden to me by my assistant, and I then set them going, but the whole time my eyes are fixed on the straws upon which the glass is balanced. If I took my eyes from the straws for a hundredth part of a second their balance would be upset. I know instinctively where the hats are all the time and know exactly where each hat is when I put one by hand to catch it."

"It took me close on eight years' practice before I was able to balance two billiard balls on top of each other and then balance the two on a billiard cue. I started practicing it an hour a day, as a rule. After a couple of years' practice one night I woke up, having dreamed that I had performed it. I got up, rushed downstairs and began to practice with my cue and two billiard balls, and at the first attempt I performed them. About five years later I performed the feat in public."

"For the cannon ball trick I first used a wooden ball weighing just one pound. I caught it on the wrong place and was knocked senseless, but I kept on practicing until I found out how to do it. Now I use an iron ball weighing sixty pounds. If I didn't catch the ball on the right place on the back of my neck it would kill me, but there is no chance of my making a mistake."

Surfacing Natural Wood.
White pine, birch, cherry, whitewood, maple, sycamore, gum and hemlock need no filling at all. They are classed as the close grained woods, and their surface presents no pores or cellular tissue to be filled. Still the surface needs to be sealed up so the wood will not suck the oil out of the varnish. This is called surfacing. It consists of coating the surface with shellac and then sandpapering down to a smooth finish. When this treated the wood is ready for the varnish.

Riding the Rail.
A Georgia paper says, "He who rides on the rail courts death."
It was a fishman, hidden on a rail, who said that except for the honor of the thing he would just as soon walk.—*Houston Post.*

It Was There.
Composer—Did you hear the torment and despair in my tone poem, "Tantalus," that I just played you? Listener—No, but I noticed them on the faces of the audience.—*Elleguide Blatter.*

When a man can tell his principles from his prejudices he is tolerably educated.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A Surprise.
Teacher—Freddie Fangle, you may give the German name of the river Danube.
Freddie—Danube.
Teacher—Don't! That is right. I am glad you have studied your lesson so well.
Freddie is surprised, but keeps still.—*Exchange.*

SPELLING NAMES.

There Was No Doubt About "Hannah" When the English Lady Finished.

A bygone generation witnessed an acrimonious controversy in the Irish family of O'Connor in County Roscommon as to the right of any branch of the ancient race to spell the name thus—with one "n." That right, it was maintained, was held only by the O'Connor Don—as head of the house. So prolonged was the contest between the partisans of the O'Connor and O'Connor titles that it was called the "N-sness" (standing for "endless") correspondence. Finally the question was referred to Sir J. Bernard Burke, the Ulster king of arms. His decision coincided with a decision in a certain other matter—namely, that much might be said on either side. The two disputing families had a common origin, a king of Connaught, and could with propriety and in accordance with tradition spell the name one way or the other. Fortified by this "award," the two families have continued to spell their name with one "n" up to the present hour.

Equally firm on the question as to how his name should be spelled was the witness in a case tried in the king's bench a few years ago. Asked his name, his prompt reply was "John 'Awkins." "Do you," queried counsel, "spell your name with or without an 'I'?" "The emphatic answer was, 'I-o-h-u.' As a rule, however, as we have said, variety in the spelling of the names of people, as in that of the names of places, owes its origin to people not being so clear as was our friend regarding how a name should be spelled."

Two stories in illustration of this occur to us. In the first Mrs. Quiverful was having christened her latest baby. The old minister was a little deaf. "What name did you say?" he queried. "I said," replied the mother, with some asperity, "Hannah." "Do you," said the other, "mean Anna or Hannah?" "Look 'ere," exclaimed the now thoroughly exasperated lady, "I won't be hexamined in this way. I mean H-a-t-c-h-e-y-h-e-n-h-e-y-h-a-t-c-h-e-y—Hannah!"

The second incident to which we refer is this. Here also there was "a lady in the case." She was on an errand, and she had to deal with the name of another party. In brief, she had bought a pair of sleeve links for her fiance when the shopman asked, "Any initials, miss?" The rest may be stated thus:

She—Oh, yes; I forgot. Engrave a "U" upon them for his first name.

Shopman—Pardon me, is it U-r-l-i-b or U-l-y-s-s-e-s? Names with "U" are rare, you know.

She (proudly)—His name is Eugene.—*London Globe.*

"MOLL PITCHER."

History of the Famous Heroine of the Revolution.

"Moll Pitcher" was the daughter of a Pennsylvania German family living in the vicinity of Carlisle. She was born in 1743, and her name was Mary Ludwig, a pure German name. She was married to one John Cusper Hayes, a barber, who when the war broke out with the mother country enlisted in the First Pennsylvania artillery and was afterward transferred to the Seventh Pennsylvania Infantry, commanded by Colonel William Irvine of Carlisle, with whose family Mary Ludwig had lived at service. She was permitted to accompany her husband's regiment, serving the battery as cook and laundress, and when at the battle of Monmouth (Freelhold), N. J., her husband was wounded at his gun she sprang forward, seized the rammer and took his place to the end of the battle. After the battle she carried water to the wounded, and hence her pet name of "Moll Pitcher."

Hayes died after the war was over, and she married a second husband of the name of McCauley, and at her grave in the old cemetery at Carlisle there is a monument that bears this inscription:

Molly McCauley,
Renowned in History as "Moll Pitcher," the Heroine of Monmouth;
Died January, 1831.
Erected by the Citizens of Cumberland County, July 4, 1879.

On Washington's birthday, 1822, when Molly was nearly seventy years old, the legislature of Pennsylvania voted her a gift of \$40 and a pension of \$40 per year.

An Auditive Illusion.
"What town is that a few miles to the north?" shouted the aeronaut, leaning over the edge of the basket.
"Osikosh!" yelled the agriculturist over whose farm the balloon was passing.

"What?"
"Osikosh!"
"What did he say?" asked the aeronaut's companion.
"He didn't say anything. He swore at me."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Tolerance.
George Eliot was once asked what was the chief lesson she had learned in life's experience, and her prompt answer was, "Tolerance." It might have been expected from a woman who once said that she regarded life as a game of cards in which she watched each move with the deepest interest and turned as far as possible to her own advantage.

Common Factors.
Schoolmaster—Now, can any of you tell me whether there is a connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms? Small Boy—Yes, sir, please; there's hash!—*London Opinion.*

A Great Change.
Old Nurse to young lady, who is going to New Zealand—So you're going away to one of the countries, Miss Mary, where they have day when we have night and night when we have day?
Miss Mary—Yes, nurse.
Old Nurse—Oh, it will take ye some time to get accustomed to the change!—*London Punch's Almanac.*

A 'JUBILEE JOKE.

Lady Churchill's Bustle That Played "God Save the Queen."

Everything that year (Queen Victoria's jubilee year) was dubbed "jubilee," from knights and ladies to hats and coats. "God Save the Queen" was heard ad nauseam on every conceivable occasion until the time became an obsession. This led to a practical joke at the castle which caused much amusement. One morning, speaking of the jubilee craze, I pretended that I had received as an advertisement a "jubilee bustle" which would play "God Save the Queen" when the wearer sat down. This, of course, created much curiosity and laughter. Having promised to put it on, I took my bustle into my confidence. An aid-de-camp was pressed into the service and armed with a small musk box was made to hide under a particular armchair. While the company was at luncheon I retired to don the so called "jubilee wonder," and when they were all assembled I marched in solemnly and slowly sat down on the armchair where the poor aid-de-camp was hiding his cramped limbs. To the delight and astonishment of every one the national anthem was heard gently tinkling forth. Every time I rose it stopped; every time I sat down it began again. I still laugh when I think of it and of the astonished faces about me.—"Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill" in *Century*.

A GREAT STATESMAN.

Humorous Incident of Gladstone's Rivalry With Disraeli.

An anecdote of Gladstone at the time of his greatest rivalry with Disraeli is often retold. At a dinner party the subject of Judaism cropped up.

"Admitted," said Gladstone, "that the Hebrews have given the world a philosopher in Spinoza, musicians in Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, a poet in Heine, the fact remains that they have not produced a single statesman." There was silence for a moment. Every one knew of course that this was a direct allusion to Disraeli. Then one of the company stepped into the breach.

"Mr. Gladstone," he said, "as a matter of fact the Hebrews have produced a statesman and one of the greatest the world has seen."

The lightning instinct of Mr. Gladstone surged up at once. "May I ask, sir," he said pointedly, "who was this Hebrew statesman?"

Every one, anticipating a more than lively scene, waited in tense expectation for the answer. It came in the quietest tones, "Moses, sir." Every one smiled, and Mr. Gladstone joined in the laugh.—*Venue Welt.*

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FEAR.

HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.

Fear is not always a lack of courage. One may be absolutely fearless when facing real danger, but a perfect coward about trifling matters. Many people fear to be in a crowded hall, and frequently, and unnecessarily, leave some enjoyable affair and return home. Thousands fear lightning to such an alarming extent, that during a thunder storm they become ill. Fear of this character is caused by a nervousness brought on chiefly by diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

A further proof that these organs are diseased, is ascertained by depositing a small quantity of urine in a glass tumbler and if after standing twenty-four hours you find itropy or milky in appearance; if it has a sediment; if your back pains you, and you often have a desire to urinate during the night, with burning, scalding pains; it's the strongest kind of evidence that your kidneys and bladder are diseased and the very strongest reason why you should not delay in trying DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, the pathfinder in medicine, for disease of the kidneys and bladder, liver, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation.

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NEWPORT, R. I., for Providence, 7:02, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:06, 3:05, 5:00, 6:05 p. m. Return 6:55, 8:50, 10:40 a. m., 12:50, 2:45, 3:50, 4:50, 6:00, 6:50 p. m.
NEWPORT, R. I., for Fall River, 7:02, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:06, 3:05, 5:00, 6:05 p. m. Return 6:55, 8:50, 10:40 a. m., 12:50, 2:45, 3:50, 4:50, 6:00, 6:50 p. m.
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NEWPORT, R. I., for Fall River, 7:02, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:06, 3:05, 5:00, 6:05 p. m. Return 6:55, 8:50, 10:40 a. m., 12:50, 2:45, 3:50, 4:50, 6:00, 6:50 p. m.
NEWPORT, R. I., for Taunton, 7:02, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:06, 3:05, 5:00, 6:05 p. m. Return 6:55, 8:50, 10:40 a. m., 12:50, 2:45, 3:50, 4:50, 6:00, 6:50 p. m.
NEWPORT, R. I., for Weymouth, 7:02, 8:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:06, 3:05, 5:00, 6:05 p. m. Return 6:55, 8:50, 10:40 a. m., 12:50, 2:45, 3:50, 4:50, 6:00, 6:50 p. m.

Lincoln's Kindness to Birds.

The incident is related by Mr. Speed, and is but one of many illustrations of Mr. Lincoln's kindness of heart.

Six gentle gentlemen—Herndon, Lincoln, Baker, Harding, and two others whose names I do not now recall—were riding along a country road. We were strung along the road two and two together. We were passing through a thicket of wild plum and apple trees. A violent wind storm had just occurred. Lincoln and Herndon had just

been behind. There were two young birds by the roadside, too young to fly. They had been blown from the nest by the storm. The old bird was fluttering about and waiting as a mother ever does for her babies. Lincoln stopped, hunched his horse, caught the birds, lifted the nest, and placed them in it. The rest of us rode on to a creek, and, while our horses were drinking, Herndon took up, "Where is Lincoln?" asked one. "Oh, when I saw him last he had two little birds in his hand hunting for their nest." In an hour perhaps he came. They laughed at him. He said with much emphasis: "Gentlemen, you may laugh, but I could not have slept well tonight if I had not saved those birds. Their cries would have rung in my ears."

Cesar, upon the Imperial, thrice refused a kindly crown. "And," remarked he to Marc Iob, "I guess that will relieve some of these boom-bummers."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

A FRENCH HERCULES.

Marvelous Strength of the Father of Alexandre Dumas.

My father was twenty-four at the time of enlisting and as handsome a young fellow as could be found anywhere.

His free colonial life had developed his strength and prowess to an extraordinary degree. He was a veritable American horse, a cowboy. His skill with gun and pistol was the envy of St. Georges and Junot, and his muscular strength became a proverb in the army. More than once he amused himself in the riding school by passing under a beam, grasping it with his arms and lifting his horse between his legs. I have seen him do it, and I recollect my childish amazement when I saw him carry two men standing upon his bent knee and hop across the room with these two men on him. I saw him once in a rage take a branch of considerable toughness in both his hands and break it between them by turning one hand to the right and the other to the left.

A few years later the gallant hussar was a brigadier general and performing feats of valor which earned him the title of "the Hercules of the Tyrol." Best of all we like the son's description of Horatius storming of Mount Cevier:

The climber reached the plateau. Although it was a dark night, the long line of soldiers, clothed in blue uniforms, could have been perceived outlined against the snow from the fort. But my father had foreseen this contingency; each man had a cotton cap and a shirt rolled up in his knapsack. This was the ordinary dress my father adopted at night when he hunted chamois.

They reached the foot of the palisades without having roused a single challenge. The men began climbing the palisades as soon as they reached them; but, thanks to my father's herculean strength, he thought of a better and quieter way—namely, to take each man by the seat of his trousers and the collar of his coat and throw him over the palisades. The snow would break the fall and also deaden the noise. Surprised out of their sleep and seeing the French soldiers in their midst without knowing how they had come there, the Piedmontese hardly offered any resistance. — From "My Memoirs," by Alexandre Dumas, translated by E. M. Waller.

OLD TIME SURGERY.

The Barbarous Methods of the Sixteenth Century.

Ambrose Pare, a barber surgeon of the sixteenth century, tells in his notes how in 1537 he went to the long wars to get practice in surgery. He invented some new processes, particularly in the treatment of amputated limbs.

Up to Pare's time the most barbarous means had been used to stop the bleeding. In his own words: "So soon as the limb was removed the surgeons would use many cauteries to stop the flow of blood, a thing very horrible and cruel in the mere telling. And truly of six thus cruelly treated scarce two ever escaped, and even these were long ill, and the wounds thus burned were slow to heal, because the burning caused such vehement pains that they fell into fever, convulsions and other mortal accidents. In most of them, moreover, when the scar fell off there came fresh bleeding, which must again be stanching with the cauteries. So that for many healing was impossible; and they had an ulcer to the end of their lives, which prevented them from having an artificial limb."

The idea of abolishing such cruelty by using the ligature occurred to Pare in one of his war journeys, and his success went beyond his own expectations. His other discovery was made within a few hours of his joining the army. It was believed by the surgeons of the day that there was poison in a gunshot wound, and one of the accepted authorities insisted that they must be cauterized "with oil of elders scalding hot, mixed with a little treacle." The pain was intolerable. It happened that at his first treatment of gunshot wounds Pare's oil can short, and he used instead "a digestive made of the yolks of eggs, oil of roses and turpentine." To his surprise he found next morning that the patients he had thus treated were in better condition than the others. "Then I resolved never more to burn thus cruelly poor men with gunshot wounds."

Which of Them?

A certain two men are possessed of exactly \$10,000.

One buys a modest house for \$1,000, a modest business for \$3,000 and sells the remainder of his money away against a rainy day. The other puts his entire \$10,000 into a motor car and thereby acquires such credit that he can have a house worth \$50,000 and become a partner in a business paying \$100,000 a year.

Assuming that both men have a wife and some daughters, which of them lives to kick himself?—Puck.

Object in His Preaching.

Towne—It's funny. Burroughs is forever preaching to his friends about the necessity for saving their money. Browne—Well? Towne—Well, he's the last fellow in the world who should preach that. Browne—Not at all. The more his friends save the more he has the chance to borrow.—Chicago Journal.

Accomplished.

Mr. Goodie—My boy, you'd never hear me use language like that! The Kid—I bet you don't! Why, it took me five years to learn all dem words.—Sketch.

A Dark Secret.

Wanted—The name of the man who first made the walking ring.—Detroit News.

Quite Familiar.

"Jimmie," said the merchant solemnly at the eleventh hour, "we have forgotten to get a fresh supply of stamps." And the office boy in his excellent responded with "Goodness, sir, so 'o have! If we ain't a couple of blunder headed idiots!"—London Tit-Bits.

ANIMAL TAILS.

The Functions of Those of Cats, Lions and Jaguars.

A cat never actually wags its tail. Why should it when it can purr? But nevertheless it seems to serve the same purpose in permitting a temporary expenditure of excess nervous energy when the animal is under great strain. For instance, when carefully stalking a bird or a man, as in the case of a kitten or a lion, the tip of the tail is never still for a moment—ever curling and uncurling. We may compare this to the nervous tapping of the foot or fingers in a man. When an angry lion is roaring his loudest, his tail will frequently lash from side to side, giving rise among the ancients to the belief that he scourged his body with a hook or thorn which grew from the end of the tail.

When a jaguar walks along a slender bough or a house cat perambulates the top of a board fence, we perceive another important function of the tail, that of an aid in balancing. As a tight rope performer sways his pole, so the feline shifts its tail to preserve the center of gravity.

The tail of a sheep seems to be of little use to its owner, although in the breed which is found in Asia Minor and on the tablelands of Tartary, this organ functions as a storehouse of fat and sometimes reaches a weight of fifty pounds. When viewed from behind, the animal seems all tail, and when this appendage reaches its full size it is either fastened between two stiles which drag on the ground or it is suspended on two small wheels.—C. William Beebe in Outing Magazine.

BUSHRANGERS.

The Most Noted of the Later Day Outlaws in Australia.

Bushrangers were originally runaway convicts who took to the "bush," as Australians call the backwoods, and became holdup men. About the year 1830 the bushrangers became so numerous that they fought regular engagements with posses and soldiers sent out to capture them, and this form of crime continued sporadically until within recent years. The most famous of later rangers were the Kelly brothers. After many daring crimes and hairbreadth escapes the Kellys actually held up the entire village of Jerilderie, N. S. W., which had a population of 200. Ned Kelly looted the bank of \$10,000, while his three pals held the men of the village cowed up in their homes. Although there was a special bushranging act in force at the time authorizing the detention of persons supposed to be in communication with the outlaws, the Kellys were not heard of again for nearly a year, when they "stuck up" the small town of Glenrowan, in Victoria. Here they were brought to bay, and three of the desperadoes were shot dead in a house they had barricaded, while the leader, Ned Kelly, was brought to the ground with a bullet through the legs. He was hanged in 1880. All four of the men were in the habit of wearing an armor made of plowshares and weighing almost a hundred pounds.—New York American.

An Outrageous Slandering.

The public may not know the good story, which has been a joy for many a long day among jocosities, which tells how a celebrated conductor, admired and beloved by every one who knows him, accused his wife in broken English of conduct the reverse of admirable, to put it mildly. He was refusing an invitation to an afternoon party for her on the plea of her delicate health, but he evidently got a little mixed during his explanations, for he made the following astounding statement, which was news indeed to the world in general: "My wife lies in the afternoon. If she does not lie, then she swindles!"

N. B.—"Schwindeln" is the equivalent in German for "feeling giddy."—Cornhill Magazine.

Thoughtful.

There is an elderly business man of Cleveland of whom friends tell a story amusingly illustrating his excessively methodical manner of conducting both his business and his domestic affairs. The Clevelander married a young woman living in a town not far away. On the evening of the ceremony the prospective bridegroom, being detained by an unexpected and important matter of business, missed the train he had intended to take in order that he might reach the abode of his bride at 7 o'clock, the hour set for the wedding. True to his instincts, the careful Clevelander immediately repaired to the telegraph office, from which to dispatch a message to the lady. It read: "Don't marry till I come. Howard."—Harper's Weekly.

Acting Like a Man.

The curtain had just gone down on the second act, leaving the heroine in the villain's clutches. Up in the balcony a sentimental woman burst into tears.

"Don't cry, dear," said her husband. "Remember, it's only a play. Act like a man!"

"Very well, John," said the lady, smiling through her tears. "You'll excuse me for a moment, won't you? I must run out and send a telegram!"—Bohemian.

The Trouble With Carr.

"I rather like your friend," Mrs. Page said graciously after Carr had gone home. "He is good looking and agreeable, but you can't call him a brilliant conversationalist. The Lawton girls talked all round him."

"Unfortunately," replied Mr. Page. "Carr cannot talk on a subject unless he knows something about it."

An Easy Trick.

"My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is pitch dark."

"How does she do it?"

"She makes me get up and look at the clock."—London Fun.

Every one desires to live long, but no one would be old.—Swift.

LINCOLN'S JOKES.

Being the Responsibility For the Loss of Harpers Ferry.

President Lincoln's jokes, especially those perpetrated in connection with the matters, usually had a purpose. After Lee had taken Harpers Ferry the president, realizing how calamitous it was to the north, determined if possible to fix responsibility for the loss of the important position.

Lincoln was summoned, but did not know where the blame lay. "Very well," said Lincoln, "I'll ask General Hooker." The latter could throw no light upon the question, further than to say that he was not to blame. Miller was the next to be called to the presence of the commander in chief to enter a plea of "not guilty."

Hooker was next given a hearing, and "fighting Joe" made a very emphatic disclaimer of all responsibility. Then the president assembled the four generals in his room and said to them: "Gentlemen, Harpers Ferry was surrendered and none of you, it seems, is responsible. I am very anxious to discover the man who is." After sitting across the room several times the president suddenly threw up his bowed head and exclaimed: "I have it! I know who is responsible!"

"Who, Mr. President; who is it?" asked the distinguished quartet as they looked anxious, if not troubled.

"Gentlemen," said the president, with a meaning twinkle in his eye, "General Lee is the man."

There was a lack of mirth in the laugh created, and the four generals took their departure with a determination that they would not again be placed under suspicion.

SLEEP MYSTERIES.

Tasks Often Performed While the Worker Slumbers.

A psychologist was discussing the miracles of sleep.

"One can become so accustomed," he said, "to a monotonous task that one can fall asleep and still keep on working. Thus in India there are punka coolies, men who turn a fan all night long in the hot weather, while their English masters rest, and it is not uncommon for a punka coolie to acquire the knack of sleeping at his task. On and on he sleeps through the hot, performed hours of the Indian night, but his hand mechanically and steadily turns the punka pulley."

"Men have composed great literary works in their sleep. Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' is the most famous example of this; but, then, Coleridge was a morphomaniac, and his sleep was scarcely natural. But R. L. Stevenson, Correll and Longfellow have also done good work while sleeping."

"Divers sometimes fall asleep deep down in the sea, but some unknown part of their brain keeps watch, and at the proper moment, though asleep, they give the order to be hauled up. This is a good deal like the miracle that happens to all of us—the miracle whereby if we tell ourselves on retiring that we must wake at 7 we invariably do wake at that hour—how or why it is impossible to say. Some part of us watches, works, keeps awake all night, so that at 7 it may call us."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Penny For a Priceless Book.

A workmanman once purchased for a penny an aged looking volume bearing date of 1540. The man tried to read it, but threw up the attempt apparently in disgust, and the volume was relegated to the cupboard. A friend of his happened to see the book and took it to the British museum authorities, who promptly made an offer of £50, the highest sum the librarian is allowed to expend without a special vote of the trustees. Had the man known what he was about he would have stood out for more, as the authorities would have paid almost any price rather than allow the volume to slip through their fingers. It was, in fact, the first book printed by Gutenberg and was therefore almost priceless.—London Tit-Bits.

Condon Individuality.

We had the best chance of studying the colors of the condor head. The bill was horn color, and the red skin of the head extended down, covering it about halfway. The legs were tan, but on each knee was a patch of red. On the breast of each bird the skin was blood red and could be seen occasionally when the breast feathers were spread and the birds were preening. Both had light colored wing bars, and the primaries were well worn. The skin on the throat hung loose, and the lower mandible fitted close under the upper. The chin was orange red, and below this on the neck was a strip of greenish yellow merging into the orange about the sides and back of the neck. The top and front of the head were red, but between the eyes was a small patch of black feathers, and these extended down in front of the eye into the orange red of the cheek. The pupil of the eye was black, but the iris was deep and red and conspicuous. The bald and wrinkled pate, the dabby jowls, with the cave-in expression of a toothless old woman—these helped to make up the condor individuality.—William L. Finley in Century.

Jolting the Grandad.

A fond grandfather and father were admiring the new baby. Fond Grandfather declared: "That youngster is a great deal more intelligent than you were at his age. Insulted Father: 'Naturally; he has a great deal brighter father!'—Life.

A Mere Painting.

She—Why, no. The stolen Gainsborough was not a hat—it was a picture. Her Husband—Oh, I thought from the value that it was a hat.—Town and Country.

Strike from mankind the principle of fifth and men would have no more history than a flock of sheep.—Lytton.

Never was good work done without much trouble.—Chinese Proverb.

RILEY'S FIRST HIT.

Wrote a Poem "By Poe" and "Palméd It on the Public.

James Whitcomb Riley began his career in a newspaper office in Anderson, Ind., by writing humorous rhymes as "advertising locals"—"doggerel," he called them. At the same time he wrote many rhymes with the serious intention of having them, if possible, recognized as poems. But he could not get them published. Even compositions whose worth he had tested—those that "would please people when I'd stand up and read 'em to them"—would be rejected promptly by every magazine to which he offered them for publication. "The Hoosier dialect was too 'low down' for the average magazine editor."

Finally in a freak of boyish indignation, to prove that what editors really wanted, was not originally, but imitation, he devised the scheme of writing a poem in imitation of Poe and of palming it off on the public as a real poem of Poe's recently discovered. The scheme was very skillfully planned and very deftly executed and successful beyond anything the clever deviser of it had ever dreamed. From one end of the country to the other "Leonid" was hailed as a veritable "find," a bit of genius' most genuine ore. Riley had his revenge. He had some trouble, however, in proving that he was not an intentional forger.

He lost his newspaper position, but he immediately got another and better one on the Indianapolis Journal. "Come and get pay for your work," said Judge Marshall, the editor. The turn in the tide had come.

A BORN SOLDIER.

Major General Stuart, the Dashing Cavalry Leader.

Major General J. E. B. Stuart of the Confederate cavalry was a soldier by nature. Dashing and daring, cool in the face of danger, he was one of the brave and picturesque figures of the civil war. H. B. McCallahan quotes in "Life and Campaigns of Major General Stuart" from General Fitz-Hugh Lee's impression of the future cavalry leader while he was still at West Point:

"I recall his distinguishing characteristics, which were strict attention to military duty; erect, soldierly bearing; immediate and almost thankful acceptance of a challenge to fight from any cadet who might feel himself in any way aggrieved and a clear, ringing voice."

Stuart was a most cheerful soldier. That "clear" voice of his was often used in singing his favorite war song: "If you want to have a good time, join the cavalry."

His courageous attitude was held until the very end. He was wounded by a pistol on the battlefield. As he was being carried away he noticed the disorganized ranks of his retreating men.

"Go back!" he called out. "Go back! Do your duty as I have done mine! Go back! I'd rather die than be whipped!"

Those were his last words on the field of battle. Later he said, with the same courage: "I'm going fast now. God's will be done."

Bungle's Bad Break.

Mr. Bungle always takes a deep and sympathetic interest in the welfare of his fellow man. While out for a stroll one day he met a friend, who seemed in a great hurry.

"Hold on, Jones," said Bungle, grabbing his friend's arm. "Why this rush?"

"Bungle," said Jones, removing his hat and wiping his brow, "I'm hot footed it to a specialist. I believe my brain is affected."

Mr. Bungle, to allay the fears of his friend and show the customary comphension, said joyfully: "Pshaw! Jones, you shouldn't worry about such a little thing as that!"

Teaching the Drummer.

It was the custom in the days of our old navy for the men to bring to the mast all the worn-out articles which were to be inspected, landed in and exchanged for new. The drummer had applied for so many drum heads that the commodore felt sure he was being imposed upon and one day set himself to watch while the band was playing. As one rattling martial air followed another his anger increased perceptibly until he burst forth in uncontrollable rage:

"There, now, confound you! I see why you use so many drum heads. Don't drum in the middle of it all the time. Drum all over that drum, I tell you!"

Plants That Hate One Another.

Fancy two plants being so unfriendly that the mere neighborhood of one is death to the other. Yet this is the case with two well known English plants. These are the thistle and the rape. If a field is infested with thistles which come up year after year and ruin the crops, all you have to do is to sow it with rape. The thistle will be absolutely annihilated.

Improved on Solomon.

In a certain Sunday school a little girl told the story of Solomon and the disputing mothers in this wise: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarrelling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other woman said, 'No, it ain't; it's mine.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies; don't quarrel. Give me my sword, and I'll make twins of him, so you can both have one.'"

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months' imprisonment. Three others were acquitted. An appeal will be taken to the supreme court.

KING MANUEL II.

Youth of Eighteen Becomes the Ruler of Portugal

FRANCO IS OUT OF OFFICE

Details of Assassination of King Carlos and Crown Prince Luiz Show It to Have Been Carefully Planned—Victims Rode in Open Carriage Without Military Escort and Queen and Youngest Son Miraculously Escaped Death

Lisbon, Feb. 4.—Under a new regime, with a new king and the establishment of a new cabinet, Portugal seems to be for the moment at peace. There is an underlying current of revolution, however, and the strictest measures are being taken to preserve order. An official statement was given out that perfect order exists throughout Portugal. Franco, the once dictator, was forced to resign because of the bitterness of the people against him, and the new cabinet will strive for the welfare of the fatherland under the presidency of Rear Admiral de Amaral. Another official statement was given out that the president of the cabinet will be supported by all the groups of monarchists who have agreed to forget previous differences.

New King Liked by People

Lisbon, Feb. 3.—A boy king, who henceforth will be known as Manuel II, is the ruler of the kingdom of Portugal, and the revolution into which the instigators of the bloody events of Saturday had hoped to plunge the country has not yet, at least, engulfed the nation. King Manuel II is in his 19th year.

While the bodies of the slain monarch and the crown prince, rested on their thrones in the royal palace surrounded by a guard of honor, Prince Manuel, yet in his teens, was solemnly proclaimed king by the council of state. Later his proclamation, swearing to promote the good of the fatherland and the integrity of the kingdom, was read to the people.

The new king is only 18 years of age. He was born in Lisbon on Nov. 15, 1889. His full name is Manuel Maria Philippe Carlos Amalia Luiz Miguel Gonzaga Xavier Francisco d'Assisi Eugenio, Duke of Beja. He was educated in the palace under distinguished private instructors, and at the age of 14 years he entered the navy as a midshipman. He is now a lieutenant. He is much liked by the people.

Silly of Assassination

The accounts of spectators of the assassination vary, but it is established definitely that they occurred at the Praça do Commercio after the members of the royal family had embarked from the train at Barreiro and thence crossed the Tagus on a ferryboat to the Lisbon landing, where they entered a carriage and were driven off.

A smiling maiden had offered a beautiful bouquet of roses to the queen, and it was these that the queen later, in a flood of motherly instinct, vainly sought to protect her son from death. Manuel himself, his father and brother, being mortally wounded, drew a revolver and fired repeatedly at the murderers until his arm was struck by an assassin's bullet.

Returning from a sojourn at the king's estate at Villa Vicosa, accompanied by the queen, the crown prince and the infant Manuel, the sovereign was seemingly in happy mood when he stepped into the carriage in waiting at the railroad station. Thousands of spectators, gaily attired, in combination with the bright decorations set out to welcome the royal family, made an animated scene.

The entire court, ministers and ladies in waiting and many army officers were in the station when the train drawing the royal family pulled in. The weather was glorious and the sun was almost setting at the moment the royal party came back to Lisbon at the end of a day which was marked by the sternest of repressive measures.

Virtu de Hail of Bullets

It was because of the beautiful weather that an open carriage was in waiting for the royal family, and when they took their places they were greeted with some lifting of hats, but mostly in silence. Then as the carriage sharply turned into the Arsenal, there was a cracking of guns and a shower of bullets tore their way into the bodies of the king, Crown Prince Luiz Philippe and the little prince, who proved an easy target.

The assassins numbering six in all, boldly ran up to the sides of the carriage and poured in a hail of lead before the stunned crowd could intervene. The king and crown prince, half risen, fell back into the cushions, the blood gushing from many wounds. The coachman brought his whip across the flanks of his horses, and with a bound they dashed away, disappearing in the Arsenal quadrangle.

The pale-stricken people, who had fled on all sides, could see the queen leaning over the crown prince and her youngest son, who was also bleeding from wounds made by the assassins' bullets.

How many shots were fired no one can say, but it was a veritable fusillade coming from the right side of the street. The effort of the crown prince, who was sitting opposite to the king, to rise, was pitiful and without avail, for he just lifted himself sufficiently to pitch forward and fall over the prostrate body of his father.

Queen Tried to Save Sons

Queen Amelie, uttering a scream that could be heard by all who had not become frenzied by the attack, threw her body towards her sons, shielding their bodies with her own. She frantically struck at the murderers with the bouquet of roses which she had been carrying, but, even in the face of this, the

men fired again and again. As he saw his father and brother fall, Prince Manuel whipped out a revolver and discharged it at the men, but was himself struck on the right arm by a bullet from a carbine. A footman in the carriage also was wounded, and it was stated that a bullet grazed the queen's shoulder but did not do her harm.

Only mounted police accompanied the carriage, as the king had refused military escort. The attack came from the rear, for it was found afterwards that the king had been shot in the back of the neck, and it was so entirely unexpected that the murderers had emptied their carbines and revolvers almost before the police knew what was going on and had turned to flee into the crowds, that now pale-stricken, had pressed back before their weapons. Then the guard charged upon them, pursuing them down the streets and ridding three of them with bullets. Hundreds of people joined in the pursuit and the others of the band of assassins were made prisoners.

The royal carriage had by this time been driven into the quadrangle and the gates of the Arsenal were shut. The grief of the queen and Prince Manuel was heart-breaking. Within a few minutes the queen mother, the Dowager Queen Maria Pia, the Duke of Oporto, the king's brother, and the ministers of state assembled, all weeping bitterly.

The populace panic-stricken. The news of the assassination spread like wildfire, and thousands of people, bewildered and terrified, poured into the streets. Soon the troops and police occupied all the prominent places and the people hurried to their homes and barricaded the doors and windows, to await in fear the unknown future. The strictest measures were taken by the officers in charge of the troops to suppress the slightest sign of disorder, but their work was light.

The investigations of the police show that the murders were carefully planned. On Saturday the assassins met secretly in the back room of a cafe and there laid out every step of the plot, which they were enabled to do, for all the details relating to the homecoming of the king had been made public. To each was assigned a post in the work of shooting down the members of the royal family, but lots were drawn for the selection of each particular victim. Those who drew Queen Amelie and Prince Manuel failed to carry out their bloody task.

King Was an Athlete

Carlos I was born Sept. 28, 1863, the son of King Louis I and his queen, Maria Pia. He married Marie Amelie, daughter of Philippe Duc d'Orleans, on May 22, 1884. He succeeded to the throne Oct. 19, 1889. The crown prince, Luiz Philippe, Duke of Braganza, was born March 21, 1887.

King Carlos was a notable figure among the crowned heads of Europe. He was born vivacious and early showed a literary and artistic bent of mind. He was fond of music and was skillful with the brush. Despite the fact that he was very stout, the king was a great athlete, being particularly skillful as a swimmer and known as one of the most remarkable revolver shots in the world. He was fond of hunting and devoted a great deal of his time to that sport at his estate of Villa Vicosa. The king was devoted to Queen Amelie, who was famous as the most beautiful queen in Europe.

New Ministry Formed

Lisbon, Feb. 5.—Lisbon is beginning to recover from the shock and horror of Saturday's bloody tragedy, but a strong undercurrent of popular and governmental nervousness remains. The political tension is slackening.

During the course of the day Admiral do Amaral succeeded in bringing the opposing factions to his way of thinking and finally announced that his cabinet had been definitely constituted.

Peace Now Prevails

Lisbon, Feb. 6.—The announced intention of the new cabinet to put an end to repressions and restore the "old liberal monarchy" which has existed in Portugal for sixty years has had a soothing and quieting effect on the country. Tranquility is reported from everywhere in the interior, and Lisbon seems perfectly peaceful.

Franco's Life Tormented

Lisbon, Feb. 7.—The secret and sudden flight of former Premier Franco from Lisbon across the frontier into Spain, accompanied by his wife and son, was caused by the threats of death which had been made against him. Since the murder of the king Franco has been in receipt of many letters, all threatening vengeance.

Evans Delays Departure

Washington, Feb. 7.—Admiral Evans does not expect to leave Santa Arenas with his battleships until this evening. His dispatch on that subject to the navy department says he was ready to go ahead on the evening of the 6th, but that in order to return courtesies extended by the Chileans his departure had been delayed until Friday evening.

Coal Mines on Fire

Grafton, W. Va., Feb. 7.—The McGraw Coal company mines at Simpson caught fire from some unknown cause two days ago and are still burning. Two hundred men are making every effort possible to put out the flames, but they are not under control. The loss up to this time is estimated at over \$100,000.

Girls Go to Moody Institutions

East Northfield, Mass., Feb. 6.—Requests of \$25,000 each to the McHerman school for boys and the Northfield seminary from Miss Alice Rylington of Stockbridge, Mass., and \$10,000 to the McHerman school from the Rhodes estate of Boston were announced at the founders' day exercises.

Tug Boat on Fire

Woods Hole, Mass., Feb. 7.—Tug Standard Oil company No. 2, while endeavoring to float the Standard Oil barge No. 57, went on the rocks of Nantuxet Island and two hours later was abandoned by her crew. It is believed that both the tug and barge will be floated.

KNIFE CORRUPTION

President Roosevelt Says He Will Continue His Policy

HE PLAYS HIS CRITICS

Trusts and Common Carriers Must Be Subject to Regulation—Vigorous Language in Message Based on Employers' Liability Law

Washington, Feb. 7.—President Roosevelt utilizes the recent decision of the supreme court declaring unconstitutional the employers' liability law, the decision of the interstate commerce commission and of the department of justice in enforcing the laws of regulation and the "grave significant attitude" towards these laws assumed by certain heads of great corporations, as an excuse for sending to the congress a message reaffirming his well known views in relation to the regulation of trusts and common carriers. In addition he makes a slashing reply to the critics of his policies.

The president begins by urging a new employers' liability law, confining its scope to interstate employees in contrast to the interstate employees of roads doing an interstate business, thus meeting the court's objections. Compensation for federal employees injured in the line of service is recommended, and attention is called to the fact that this is allowed in almost every civilized country in the world. Incidentally he remarks that Secretary Taft is seeking such a law to cover the laborers on the Panama canal.

A modification of the law in regard to the use of injunction is suggested, so that it may not bear so heavily on the peaceful movement of labor to effect its ends. Congress is asked to give the interstate commerce commission power of initiative in the fixing of rates. He thinks the government should have some supervision of the finances and physical operation of railroads.

Over-capitalization inflicts upon the public an unnecessary but ever-increasing tax; innocent investors are harmed, and only the speculator is benefited. The Sherman anti-trust law should be modified to permit "reasonable combination," and railroads should be permitted to form traffic associations—pooling, in fact. Also, the president would place some limit on "grosser forms of gambling" in securities and commodities.

The president then launches a broadside at the serried front of his critics. He makes public a letter sent to him by Francis J. Heney, United States district attorney at Portland, Or., for the purpose of showing that President Ripley of the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, who has been one of the severest critics of the administration, "has not been above the commission of crime to secure business."

Then the heads of great and successful corporations are taken to task for committing "the hideous wrong of teaching our young men that phenomenal business success must ordinarily be based on dishonesty." In enforcing the law the president attacks only the corrupt, and all such as can be got at are hit whether they are rich or poor. There is no attack on wealth as such, but he points to those in high places whom he has brought to the bar of justice.

"The methods by which the Standard Oil people and those engaged in the other combinations of which I have spoken above have achieved great fortunes," says the president, "can only be justified by the advocacy of a system of morality which would also justify every form of criminality on the part of a labor union and every form of violence, corruption and fraud, from murder to bribery and the ballot box stuffing in politics. We are trying to secure equality of opportunity for all; and the struggle for honesty is the same whether it is made on behalf of one set of men or of another."

Some of the expressions used by the president to characterize wealthy malefactors and their defenders are: "Great sinister offenders," "law defying wealth," "envenomed bitterness," "unscrupulous craft," "brazen protests," "franchise trafficker," "purveyor of vice," "blackmailer," "puppet," "hired bully," "man killer," "web of corruption," "hypocritical baseness," "hideous wrong," "murder," "bribery," "blackmailing ward boss," "blood money," "evil eminence of infamy," "menace of unrighteousness."

In reply to the critics who hold up the "innocent stockholder" as the chief sufferer in the attempt to cut the rottenness out of business the president says "that stockholder is not innocent who voluntarily purchases stocks in a corporation whose methods and management he knows to be corrupt." He says that this kind of a critic will be found opposing all laws looking to honesty in business.

In relation to the criticism of judges for which the president has been condemned, he says that a judge who truckles to the mob or bows to the corporation should be made, when the facts are plain, to feel the weight of public opinion. "No servant of the people has a right to expect to be free from just and honest criticism." Finally, the president says he will put the knife into corruption, even though it gives momentary check to prosperity.

End of London Letters

London, Feb. 7.—The Tribune announces that it will cease publication today. It is understood that the Tribune never has been a paying property.

Thaw Ongoing Lunacy

New York, Feb. 7.—Admittedly not guilty of the murder of Stanford White by reason of insanity at the time the fatal shots were fired, Harry K. Thaw was held by the court to be a dangerous lunatic and was taken to the state hospital for the criminal insane at Matteawan.

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

Governor Asks Bay State People to Honor His Memory

Boston, Feb. 7.—The first Lincoln day proclamation issued by a governor of Massachusetts was sent out last night by Governor Guild. The governor calls upon the people of the state to pause for a while from business and labor on Feb. 12 and do honor to the memory of Abraham Lincoln, and suggests that there be a general display of the American flag.

Governor Guild says that the example of Lincoln's actions in the crisis of war "may well be an inspiration to us in a crisis that has come to us in days of peace," and declares: "We are passing through a quiet, a fairly peaceful, but a very real social revolution." In eulogizing Lincoln, the governor says: "Lincoln was neither maykish nor sensational. He frankly sought public office. He never sought it by unworthy means. His sustaining trust was in the honesty of the ordinary citizen. He despised clap-trap. He did not fight with fire. He faced hot excitement with cold reasoning and mad vituperation with clear truth."

Mother Slays Her Two Children

Haverhill, Mass., Feb. 7.—The two children of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Stevens of this city fell victims to an insane mother's wrath when they were murdered with a razor in the Stevens home. Brooding over the death of her four children, that occurred in as many years, the woman slashed the throat of her 3-year-old son, George, as he lay beside her in bed and then turned on her 10-year-old daughter, Mary, who had witnessed the deed. Catches on the child's arms and hands bore mute testimony to the battle made by the little girl before she expired from the death wounds. Judge Fuller committed Mrs. Stevens to the Danvers insane asylum.

Soon Gave Up Office

Boston, Feb. 7.—Laurence Minot, president of the Good Government association, whom Mayor Hibbard appointed two weeks ago as superintendent of the municipal printing plant, with orders to "clean it up," has tendered his resignation. Minot refused to say more than that he had resigned as head of the plant because he had been drawn on the jury, and the fact that he had business interests of his own.

Quakes in Connecticut

Danbury, Conn., Feb. 6.—Residents of Lanesville and Still River, points in the Housatonic river valley, were startled by two distinct earth shocks, and several long cracks, about an inch wide, appeared in the earth. The first shock occurred at 3:20 a. m. and was followed by another at 5:05 a. m., each lasting several seconds. A large earth crack appeared yesterday across Roberts avenue in this city.

Woman Kills Self and Child

Boston, Feb. 4.—During a period of mental depression Mrs. Frances Withers, 36 years old, of Dorchester, killed herself and two little girls, aged 9 and 11 years, respectively, by means of illuminating gas last night. The woman's husband found the bodies of his wife and his two daughters upon his return from work at a late hour. A doctor was called, but he found life extinct.

Receives For Steamship Companies
Portland, Me., Feb. 5.—Receivers for the Eastern Steamship company, the Metropolitan Steamship company and the Consolidated Steamship Lines, of Maine, also two joint special masters, were appointed by Judge Putnam in the United States circuit court after a hearing which lasted nearly two hours.

ITCHING HUMOR ON LITTLE BOY

His Hands were a Solid Mass, and Disease Spread All Over His Body—In Four Days the Child was Entirely Cured—Mother Strongly

RECOMMENDS CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"One day we noticed that our little boy was all broken out with itching sores. We first noticed it on his little hands. His hands were not as bad then, and we didn't think anything serious would result. But the next day we heard of the Cuticura Remedies being so good for itching sores, etc., that I thought I would get them. By this time the disease had spread all over his body, and his hands were now covered with a solid mass of this itching disease. I went to the drug store and purchased a box of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, and that night I stripped my little boy and took the Cuticura Soap and lukewarm water and washed him well. Then I dried him with a soft bath towel, and took the Cuticura Ointment and rubbed him thoroughly with it. I did this every evening before I put him to bed and in three or four nights he was entirely cured. This because any person who suffered as my baby did ought to know of the Cuticura Remedies. I will surely and gladly recommend the Cuticura Remedies for they are a godsend to all suffering with skin diseases. Mrs. Frank Donahue, 293 Fremont St., Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 16, 1907."

PIMPLES

And Blackheads Prevented and Cured by Cuticura.

Gently smear the face with Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure, but do not rub. Wash off the Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue to bathe the face freely for some minutes. Repeat morning and evening. At other times use hot water and Cuticura Soap for bathing the face as often as agreeable.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Skin Affliction. Children, and Adults. Cuticura Ointment (60c) to Cure the Skin. Cuticura Soap (25c) to Cleanse the Skin. Cuticura Tablets (50c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Pills (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Cream (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Lotion (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Powder (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Paste (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Gel (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Jelly (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Syrup (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Emulsion (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Extract (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Essence (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Tincture (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Liniment (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Salve (25c) for Internal Purification. Cuticura Ointment (25c) for Internal Purification. 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Flag Day.

Patriotic Sentiments.
(Wednesday, Feb. 12.)

The celebration of Flag Day is, in my opinion, one which appeals particularly to the youth of our country. A true understanding of what the American flag means and stands for is necessary to a proper appreciation of the glories of American citizenship. It is particularly felicitous that Flag Day should be celebrated on February 12th, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, the greatest of all Americans next to Washington. May the lessons of that great patriot's life sink deeply into the soul of every young American, and may his devoted and unselfish example inspire and thrill the hearts of all who love their country, who cherish liberty, and who desire the perpetuation of splendid American ideals.—James H. Higgins, Governor of Rhode Island.

The flag cannot make good or patriotic citizenship. It is the symbol only of a sentiment deep rooted in the people's hearts.

I heartily commend the idea of imparting to the children of Rhode Island knowledge of the history of our country and of our State by studying of the flags of both. I can conceive of no better plan than this to inculcate patriotism. The grown-up children of today were denied the privileges of methods now in vogue in our school systems, which largely accounts for the ignorance, often displayed in public assemblies, of the words, not to say the music set thereto, of patriotic songs. The children of today are not only taught the words and music of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee," but also the history of our national and state flags, and to the children of our State I would say that they are blessed far beyond the children of my day in this fact and they should take advantage of it and learn all about both flags, as such knowledge will give them a more intimate relationship to the great problems which they, as the future men and women, will have to solve.—Adin B. Capron, Representative in Congress.

The average age of the Northern soldier in our Civil War was twenty-two years; that of the Southern soldier even less. From the grammar school to the battlefield—seven short years.

We build monuments and sing praises to the heroes of battle, the wild charge, the forlorn hope, the still white face upturned to the pitiless stars. This is the heroism we never forget, for it fills the heart like the call of the trumpet.

But there is another heroism of the quiet, unnoted life, lived out in honor and duty and self-respect. He is a true patriot who in the piping times of peace knows how to respect himself, his neighbor, and his God; who does each day an honest day's work, and lays him down each night to honest dreams; who adds his little mite to the nation's wealth of brain or power or goods; who holds a steadfast trust in the things that are worth while; who proves his Americanism, not by his much shouting, but by the clear, square democracy of his daily life; who sees his present humble duty and, seeing, does it.

America needs men who are willing to die for her; even more she needs the unknown millions who know enough, care enough, and dare enough to live for her.—Charles S. Chapin, Principal of the Rhode Island Normal School.

At one of the draft riots in New York during the Civil War, General Garfield, afterwards President, addressed the mob from the hotel balcony. Holding up his hand in a plea for silence, he began a strong appeal with these words: "God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives." In all the troubles which must come to a country, in times of peril and times of doubt, as well as in times of peace and prosperity, we need to keep in mind General Garfield's words.—Walter H. Small, Superintendent of Schools of Newport.

February twelfth is a day of patriotism. What is patriotism, do you ask? Why love of country, to be sure; but when country is used in this sense it means much more than mere land and water. Country means all that we have. Country means a birthplace, home, and its dear ones. Country means what the lessons in geography, history, and government teach. Country means the chance to become strong men and women. Country means a place where right and character are honored. Country means all this and more, and surely every heart must thrill when the flag which stands for the country and the veterans who saved it are honored. This day, Patriotism is the heart thrill and the resolve to be worthy of the country and to be willing to work for it.—Herbert W. Jull, Superintendent of Schools of Newport.

OUR FLAG.
And when we wanted an emblem
To carry in war and peace,
A flag to tell to the millions
The Union never should cease,
We looked to the heavens above us,
To the stars in the full blue skies,
And we copied the red from the sunset
In the west when daylight dies.—Selected.

UNION AND LIBERTY.
Fing of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through the battlefield's thunder and flame,
Hallowed in song and hallowed in story,
Wave o'er us all with their banner and aim,
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with glory's light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,
Union and Liberty! One overture
Of our brave men, while our Nation
Fights for her children and honored aim,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star.

Lord of the universal shield as and guide us
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun,
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the MANY IN ONE.
—Julius Wendell Holmes

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
Nature, they say, doth die,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untried and unhero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.

Gentle captain, with their guns and drums,
Dutiful judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his face,
The kindly, earnest, great old man,
Sagacious, patient, dreadfully brave, not blase;
New birth of our new soil—(that old American,
—James Russell Lowell.

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.
From humble parentage and poverty old
Nature reared him,
And the world beheld her noblest
man.
Few were his joys, many and terrible his trials.

But grandly he met them as only truly great souls can!

Our nation's martyr—pure, honest, patient, tender,
—Thou who didst suffer agony even for the slave.
Our flag's defender, our brave immortal teacher,
—Thou who didst die for our honored grave.
—Paul De Vere.

UNCOVER TO THE FLAG.
Uncover to the flag, bare head!
Sods well with dust, humbly bowed,
We stand in presence of the dead
Who make the flag their shroud.

Uncover to the flag, for thou
Of Concord and of Bunker Hill,
The first to die on Freedom's soil,
Who shouldst that flag still fill.

Uncover to the flag, for thou
Who taught the song, the gallant key,
When in the dawn-hour, gray and dim,
He strided, his stars to see.

Uncover to the flag, for him
Who stoutly met the foe,
And daintily, or flunk or swim,
Stood by it to the last.

Uncover to the flag, the land
Which thou hast won for us,
The North and South, now hand in hand,
See God's skies, gray and blue.

Uncover to the flag, the land
Above the men who named the Maine,
The place that we will never see
Of vengeance out of Spain.

Uncover to the flag, it stands
For all of bravest, all of best,
In those who laid their lives
In those who laid their rest.

—E. G. Cleverton.

O COUNTRY DEAR.
O country dear, whose record full of glory
Brings tears of gladness into waiting eyes,
Whose deeds of heroes, handed down in story,
Thill human hearts with wonder and surprise.
We pledge to thee our service and devotion,
To keep the lights by which our fathers won,
Long as thy shores are washed by either ocean.
Thou fairest, gentlest land beneath the sun.
—Selected.

THE COMMON HERO.
The camp has had its day of song,
The sword, the bayonet, the plume
Have crowded out of rhyme too long
The plow, the anvil, and the loom.
Oh! out upon our tilled fields
Are Freedom's heroes bred alone;
The training of the workshop yields
More heroes true than war has known.

Who drives the bolt, who shapes the steel,
Who with his voice and call, strike
As he who sees a common reel
In blood before his blow of might.
The skill that conquers space and time,
The greatest life that lights the loom,
May spring from courage more sublime
Than that which makes a realm its loom.
—Selected.

OUR COUNTRY FOREVER.
Our country forever! On the folds of her flag
This motto of freedom is blazoned full bright.
Run up the proud ensign, from the loftiest
crags
Of liberty's steep let it float to the sky,
Flout fear and force, our banner of glory!
Wave wave on the breath of freedom's breeze!
Our country forever, unending her glory.
—Selected.

THE BANNER OF THE UNION.
(Air: "Marching Through Georgia.")
Bring the good old banner, boys, the flag our fathers bore,
Let it float across the land and shimmer on the shore,
Liberty is marching on to many conquests more,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

CHORUS.
Hurrah! Hurrah! we'll bring the jubilee;
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes us free;
So we'll sing the chorus of truth and liberty,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

How the nation thundered, when the flag was hoisted long,
How the boys enlisted and the girls grew bold and strong,
How the flags of victory, triumphant swept along,
Bearing the banner of the Union.

Rally round the colors, boys, and keep them
At the fore,
Take your stand for liberty and fight her battles o'er,
True to home and freedom, ever loyal to the core,
Bearing the banner of the Union.
—Kate Browne Sherwood.

Pearls of Thought.

You hear of genius in everything except whiskey and beer.

It is extremely difficult to locate the origin of a long-distant accusation.

Say you are a man; ever buy a shirt that the sleeves were not too long?

The town isn't always to blame when a man makes a failure of his business.

It is beyond some men to understand the difference between pomposity and dignity.

In the bright lexicon of boyhood there is no such word as "amile"; he calls it "grin."

You can borrow trouble without security, but you have to pay a pretty heavy rate of interest.

A hero looks like a coward compared with the courage a boy feels when he first kills a snake.

When a man follows his statements with "You understand?" it's a fairly safe bet that you don't.

The young man who uses genteel stationery might as well have long curly hair and play a mandolin.

Order is heaven's first law, but it is the unwritten and unheard-of law in a good many homes here on earth.

The haunted house which has the greatest terror for the good housekeeper is one that is haunted by flies.

It is only a question of time until the man who depends on luck will be depending on his skin or on the country.

The dog has a great deal to be thankful for in the fact that boys never get their hands on gallop-sized cans.

As soon as a farmer quits worrying about the corn crop he begins to figure on an early frost cutting down the yield.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who said to a real-estate man: "If you don't drink, take in your sign!"

When a countryman attends a dance he says the next morning: "I feel as though I had been through a threshing machine."

At 20 a man ought to envy the man who is rich, but by the time he reaches 50 his envy is all of the man who has perfect health.—From "Globe Signs in the Atchinson Globe."

"The plot is only twenty by thirty, but you can build to the moon if you wish."

"Then the purchase price includes human rights."—Washington Herald.

CASORIA.
Bears the Signature of
Charles H. Fletcher

The Trouble With the Railroads.

The second paper in the series entitled "Confessions of a Railroad Employee" appears in the February Atlantic. The author is the employee of a well-known New England railroad.

A RAILROAD CONFESSION.

A short time ago, in a report issued by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, President Mellen stated that so far as his system of roads was concerned, increase of pay had invariably been followed by decreased efficiency. Mr. Mellen, of course, has the reports and the figures to substantiate his opinion. The statement is somewhat obscure. That decrease in efficiency has been the natural sequence and effect of higher wages, or that men lose interest in their callings or grow more careless in their habits with every addition to their material prosperity, is manifestly absurd.

Mr. Mellen has not informed us that he looks upon the matter in this light, although his words may reasonably be considered to bear some such interpretation. Be this as it may, he certainly calls attention to a very uncomfortable coincidence. In effect, Mr. Mellen's words may be taken as a direct challenge to railroad men to come forward and explain a state of affairs that has the appearance of being so much to their discredit. The implied challenge can be immediately and concisely replied to in this way. The efficiency of the service rendered by employees of the New Haven road has by no means been impaired or decreased by any consideration of wages whatsoever. Nevertheless, the power of pressure that induced Mr. Mellen and other railroad managers to add large sums to their pay roll is also responsible for the exercise of its influence in other directions, for the decreased efficiency. Increase of pay and decrease of efficiency are both indications of loss of grip by the management. Hidden away in this simple statement there is a whole world of significance. Here are fundamental facts, from a fearless consideration of which we shall be able to derive a logical and clearest explanation of the present situation on American railroads.

NO RAILROAD DISCIPLINE.

In the railroad business no personal action on the part of a superintendent would be tolerated for a minute. It is surely reasonable that among the thousands of men who enlist in the railroad ranks there will be many who after a while will give evidence of unfitness for the service. Regardless of the power of the superintendent in theory, these men, if they are members of an Order of Brotherhood, must actually limit somebody or do considerable damage to property, before they can be removed. That is to say, there is no elimination of weak spots until something happens. But this is not all. When a vacancy occurs in the service, it is immediately advertised, and the oldest bidder in point of service takes the position. In some of the agreements with the management the seniority rule is said to be absolute. In others it is modified by the clause, "with the approval of the superintendent."—J. O. Ragau, in the February Atlantic.

"In Memory of Old Virginia."

All the seats were taken in the car which I entered one morning in early April. An old colored man sat next the door. It is not often in these days that I see that type of black man. I used to see that kind on the old Virginia plantation, where he was "Ung Lige" or "Ung Sambo" to all the household. His days were devoted to useful toil, and his evenings to his badjo and the old plantation melodies that no one ever sings again as musically as they were sung then; and never in his wildest visions did he dream of logarithms and Greek roots for his race.

"Take this seat, Mistis," he said, rising promptly. "Mistis" sounded very "homey" and pleasant to me. It had been so long since I was "Mistis" to anybody.

"Thank you, uncle," said I. "Keep your seat. I would just as lief stand."

"Scuse me, please, Mistis, but 'taint fitten fer you t' stand; you must sit," he admonished respectfully.

I took the seat, thanking him for his courtesy. Soon a departing passenger left a vacancy.

"There is a seat for you," I said to the old man.

"Between the ladies, ma'am?" He hesitated.

"Yes," I said.

He bowed apologetically to right and left and took the vacant place.

Just before leaving the car I slipped a silver piece into his hand, saying: "Uncle, get you a nice luncheon with this—in memory of old Virginia."

"Thank you, my Mistis," he said, opening his hand to look at the little gift, and then closing it. "Then he touched his hat and thanked me again. I left the car with a sunnier feeling in my heart because of the chance meeting, but so thought that I should ever again hear of my old Virginia."

That afternoon I received a bunch of arbutus which had been left for me by an old colored man—"for the tall lady with a long blue coat an' white hair—in memory of ole Virginia an' dem ole time days."—La Salle Corbell Pickett in February Lippincott's.

Bobby—"Sister's got a beau all right!"

Tommy—"What makes you think so?"

Bobby—"She used to say: 'Bobby, see who's calling,' when the 'phone rang. Now she runs to it herself, instead of telling me."—Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Stubbs—"If you'll shovel the snow off the walks I'll give you something to eat and some money besides."

The Hobo (after a survey of the premises)—"Dat looks good ter me lady; but where am I ter sleep to-night?"—Puck.

Hubbub (kindly)—"And all these lovely young ladies whom I have just met in the guild room have some common bond?" Curate (modestly)—"Yes. They all hope to marry me."—Judge.

"I am always suspicious of a man who shaves himself."

"Why?"

"Oh, he's liable to cut his best friend."

Dashaway—"Do you love that girl as much as you think you do?"

Cleverton—"Why, old man, I love her almost as much as she thinks I do."—Life.

"Cholly has brain fever."

"How'd he get it?"

"He met a girl who kept saying 'Just think' and Cholly tried to."

WONDERFUL CREAM.

The Voracious Narrative of Its Making, Baking and Sale.

"How did I happen to become a hotel clerk?" replied the man behind the desk. "Well, it was this way: I used to be a sailor. That was where I learned about whales. In fact, I was second mate of the first iron ship that ever rounded the Horn, bound from Boston to San Francisco, loaded with flour, yeast and salt to furnish grub to the California miners soon after the civil war.

"We got around the Horn all right when we ran into about the worst bit of weather ever blew on the Pacific. Iron ships were an experiment then, and we soon found ourselves in trouble. The fresh water tanks sprung a leak, and the water ran down over the cargo. To make matters worse, the flour barrels and boxes of yeast broke loose, and with the rolling of the ship we soon had it all mixed up together. In other words, the whole ship below decks was full of dough that the rolling of the ship kneaded just as a better bread-making machine does out in the kitchen here. And it began to rise."

"We fastened down the latches at first, but soon had to take them off on the lower decks or the expanding dough would burst the ship. And we put on all steam for San Francisco. We crossed the equator like a race horse, and there we made our second great mistake. The strain on the engines caused them to break down, so we had to go at half speed, and we were at a standstill for two whole days right there under a burning sun. The stowage we had run out of, and the weather was clear and hot. Whew!"

"Then we got under full steam again and plowed north to the Golden Gate with a deck hand sitting on the safety valve. But we were too late. The tropic sun had baked that shipload of dough into one huge loaf of bread. How to get it out of the ship was a question."

"The owners, who were the captain and one of our passengers, sold the ship just as she arrived for only half what they had paid for her new in Boston. But the new owner was a genius. He put the hungry miners to work with picks and shovels cutting out the bread and sold it at the rate of \$1 a shovelful. It was the finest bread you or any one else ever ate."

"I was out of a job as second mate, and when I saw what a profit there was in that bread I just naturally went into the feeding business myself, and that's how I became associated with the hotel business. Fronto, show this gentleman to the cafe."—Portland Oregonian.

Mary Stuart's Curious Watches.

Among the watches owned by Mary Stuart was a coffin shaped watch in a case of crystal. Probably the most remarkable one in her collection was the one which was bequeathed to Mary Seaton, her maid of honor. It was in the form of a skull. On the forehead of the skull was the symbol of death, the scythe and the hourglass. At the back of the skull was Thine, and at the top of the head was the garden of Eden and the crucifixion. The watch was opened by reversing the skull. Inside was a representation of the holy family surrounded by angels, while the shepherds and their flocks were worshipping the newborn Christ. The works formed the brains, while the dial plate was the palate. She also possessed another skull shaped watch, but it is not known what became of it.

The Egg In Medicine.

The white of an egg is an antidote in cases of poisoning with strong acids or corrosive sublimate. The poison will coagulate the albumen, and if these poisons be in the system the white of an egg, if swallowed quickly, will combine with the poison and protect the stomach. An asparagus poultice is made by causing it to coagulate with alum. This is called alum curd and is used in certain diseases of the eye. The yolk of the egg is sometimes used in jaundice and is an excellent diet for dyspeptics.

Helping the Musician.

At a political meeting an Irishman watched closely the trombone player in the band. Presently the man laid down his instrument and went out for a beer. Paddy investigated and promptly pulled the horn to pieces.

The player returned. "Who's meddled mit my drombone?" he roared. "O' did," said Paddy. "There ye've been for two hours tryin' to pull it apart, an' O' did it in wa' minute!"—Argonaut.

Repastee of the Shop.

"I never was so insulted in my life!" said the girl with the brown eyes indignantly.

"Explain further," was the request.

"Why, you know Fido chewed up the muff that I set of gray furs of mine, and so I went into a shop today to see if I could find a muff that would replace it. I told the clerk what I wanted. He couldn't find anything that would suit, so he called another clerk.

This one hunted high and low, he dragged out muffs till they heaped the counter, but he couldn't find one that would match. Finally he called the proprietor, a fat, stuffy man, who came waddling down the aisle and said, 'What is the trouble?'

"I can't make a match," I said almost tearfully.

"Why, that's funny," he said in a hatefully patronizing manner. "What's the matter with the men?"—New York Press.

Michelangelo.

Michelangelo stood in the front rank both as painter and sculptor. In both arts he was worthy of the highest praise. The fresco of the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine chapel is considered the most wonderful picture in the world, showing the omnipotence of artistic science and the fiery daring of conception that but few other painters can even approximate. In sculpture the "Moses" and the "Slaves," not to mention other pieces, rang among the finest creations of the art and proclaim Michelangelo to have been as masterful with his chisel as he was with his brush.—New York American.

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"LA MAISON BARRIE ET FILS a pensé qu'il convenait, au seuil du XX^e siècle, d'élever un monument durable au grand romancier du XIX^e. Elle lance aujourd'hui cette grande édition réclamée depuis si longtemps, non seulement par les balzaciens, mais aussi par tout le public, véritable édition de luxe, illustrée avec amour par les meilleurs artistes, et dont le prix, malgré tous les sacrifices nécessités par une aussi vaste entreprise, a été maintenue au prix ordinaire de leur édition en anglais. Seuls, les Américains avaient osé dépenser des centaines de mille francs pour éditer superbement BALZAC."—L'Illustration, Paris.

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drum beaten far out of the street as it sped swiftly over the roof of the quaint old baker's shop walls familiarly elbowed the numerous gables of a church; the little white reticence nosed here suspicious angle, then made surprise that bordered gas as they delighted on the long row of men that stretched down street, in an uncoated lined pale faces whose lives of suffering want for food, toil of years endured; old gray-haired discouragement and frustration in deep furrows; fresh, smiling youths; clear-eyed unshaven and stern; each in his turn. A frank looking fellow in an immediately clean attire, met her gaze with a smiling blush, and lowered his eyes; then they passed a steep receiving the loaf of bread that of the great philanthropist—deceiving charity for the when the clock struck twelve. Young of them look like gentle—the cried in astonishment. "He one knows—clear, evened—"

"me?" Cushing, driving the seat beside her, interrogatively. She allured with a lot of her head.

"they don't seem like beggars he was furtively regarding the whose gaze seemed to seek chiefly. She fumbled sympathetically in her gold purse for some yet an indelible reluctance her impulse. Cushing scanned

"Y."

"do you call a beggar?" he supply.

drum; some one very shabbily, uncleanly, and perhaps she asks aloud." She defined with a nonchalance that irritated. Yet he was unjust in his assessment.

start him anew again, but he had no desire to do that. Instead, he noiselessly stole away, then once out of their sight ran as fast as he could to the nearest police station and told his story." Cushing took his haughty chief and wiped his brow slowly; yet the night air was deliciously cool and refreshing.

"Oh, I'm—I'm so glad," she cried breathlessly, with a cautious catch in her usually unemotional voice. He could have kissed her for that traitorous betrayal—but he did not dare. "It was all over then, his hardships—"

"No," he said harshly. "They didn't believe him—They arrested him—and put him in jail—"

"Oh," a note of pain cut through her intonation.

"You see," he said very gently, very tenderly, trying to fortify himself against her dangerous sympathy. "He didn't have a friend in the world—and prove his innocence—and his appearance was against him—his clothes were ragged and not very clean—But he was not vicious. He was a gentleman—but the law didn't know it—that was all."

"But didn't the officers find out he told the truth?" she asked eagerly.

"I believe so—I recollect hearing of something—of their sending a guard to watch the place—and catching the band—but it did not relieve the situation for—my friend. He was there—it may not have been long, according to the calendar—but, it was eternity to him. And then there came a day when he stood out in God's sunlight again, with shoes on for which he paid by scrubbing the floors; with old discarded clothes obtained from a friendly ragman. But he was free. Free! He had one dollar in his pocket. Not enough for railroad fare to the big city—that didn't mean; he could walk that. But that wasn't honest food. You see, there was no 'Bread line' in that other town—"

She sobbed softly under her veil. He caught her hand with rough tenderness, moved beyond control. "If I should come to you, now, with my heart yearning for one little sweet word of welcome from you—with my hopes of paradise resting in your dear eyes, would you—could you find that one precious little word to say to me?" He cried vibrantly. The head bent over hers; "I have money—beyond the dreams even of avarice—dear—but I would renounce it all—for one word from you. That's how I love you. But—I want to tell you something more. Something that has been kept buried in my heart for twelve long dreary years of hard work, which held out from the terrors of suffering and toward the flag and banner of success, affording me no until I obtained it. That shows my confidence in you the woman I love. There is no need to tell you these things—and it may put an irreparable wedge between us—between you—and me. But, dear, I have told to you—in one way. It was no friend of mine—it was—myself—that began." He watched her narrowly; she did not crinch away from him; but her silence filled him with a premonition of the sorrow she was to inflict. He perhaps had been unnecessarily frank, under the circumstances, he reasoned, vaguely alarmed by her manner; yet, he could not have done anything else, loving her.

His dream was shattered, he told himself despairingly; of what avail was his wonderful success—without her? And he had dared hope—he shut his eyes, blindly, under their stinging tears.

"I—I want to ask—you—" she leaned near him.

"Yes," he hung on her request.

"Back—back there—at the Bread Line—" she hung her head in embarrassment, as if afraid of herself. "There was—a young man, with honest eyes—and such a nice frank face. Would you mind—if I was able back? I—I would like to—to help him." Cushing looked at her approvingly.

"Oh—you darling—" He started to say, but something checked his utterance; for her soft, white hand was lying trustfully in his, and her tear-stained cheeks bent reverentially over his hand. She kissed it with her soft, pure lips.

"I—I—knew it was you—that man, dear," she whispered, wiping her eyes.

—John Withering, in Young's Magazine.

Her Pet Armadillo.

The following story of a woman and her pet is well worth telling again. It appeared in the Denver News and is given herewith:

"Do you permit animals in the rooms?" asked a tall, spare woman dressed in the height of fashion, as she pressed over the counter in the office of the Albany Hotel yesterday at Sam Dutton, the manager.

"No, madam, we do not," said Dutton, politely. "We occasionally allow them to be placed down to the basement, but we're not keen about having them at all."

"Well, I wouldn't like to leave dear little Kitty down in any old stuffy basement," the woman said. "Something might happen to her."

"Oh, I hardly think so," replied Dutton. "Cats are about as safe an animal to put in the basement as anything else."

"Oh, Kitty isn't a cat," said the woman.

"Dog?" queried Dutton.

"No."

Dogs and cats are about the only animals that come within the ken of Dutton, and he paused, embarrassed.

"This is a pet armadillo," exclaimed the woman, holding up a basket, and darting to take the cover off.

"Never mind, lady," hastened Dutton. "I'm sorry, but we have an established rule against armadillos in this house. Why, do you know, the last armadillo we had ate up a large section of stove pipe and it cost us quite a little to repair the damage. Besides that, we do not like to have amphibious animals about the basement—"

But the woman departed in high indignance, and the last seen of Dutton was a copy of Webster's Dictionary in his knee and was running his fingers down a page, muttering:

"A-r-m-a-d-i-l-l-o—armadillo; a-r-m-a-dillo—what a blamed armadillo! If it takes me all day."

There is a Washington lad who, it could appear, assents to the old proposition that it is well to have more than one string to one's bow.

The boy was being catechised one day by a well-meaning visitor to the house, says *Lippincott's Magazine*.

"Well, Harry," said the lady, "don't you think you have a chance to be president of the United States?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Harry, carelessly. "Maybe I'll try for it after I get too old to be a pitcher."

"Brush—Do you know why they hung Arober's land-scape so high?"

"Folks—Yes, because they couldn't catch D'Ayer, 12 miles from—"

It behooves a woman to ponder well before taking the momentous step which, of a necessity, must mean for her supreme happiness or object misery.

Marriage should be the most serious affair of life. Yet how many we see rushing thoughtlessly to the hymeneal altar laughing, joking and indulging in a mere perillous over this, the most solemn of contracts, which binds soul to soul everlastingly, despite the fact that man-made laws may temporarily soothe them.

Likewise, marriage is often made the occasion for reckless and riotous feasting and unseemly merriment, which degenerates its sacredness and disgrace, that union of hearts and hearts which should be sought upon the best, consummation of all that earth can bestow.

It is not to be wondered at that we have so many unhappy homes in our land and that the divorce count is kept busy, when we take into consideration the hundreds of thousands who actually rush into matrimony, giving no thought whatever to the consequences or indeed to the present situation. They know, in fact, nothing of their adaptation to such a state in life, and are above all ignorant of the qualities the partners they are choosing.

The truth is many marry for the novelty of the thing, many for convenience, and many more for oaser and ulterior motives, which, however, never can be realized, for such unions cannot possibly turn out well.

It is no uncommon thing among us for a man and woman to marry, on a few hours' acquaintance, absolutely knowing nothing whatever of each other's antecedents.

We have matrimonial bureaus and matrimonial papers conducted merely as money-making games. These introduce prospective suitors to unthinking young women who are cajoled into giving up their freedom, too often to virtues of prey, who, whenever they fleece their poor dupes and victims of their all, cast them by the wayside and desert them at the first milestone.

There are many, very many silly girls who thus give up their freedom only to realize the fatal mistake in a few short weeks, often hours, but too late in every case to retract.

Before thinking of matrimony, a woman should thoroughly know the man and, even then, she should weigh well all the circumstances surrounding his and her own situation.

Let her emphasize to herself that the step will be irrevocable.

Let her not marry merely for a home, a refuge from the world's cares or as an escape from spinsterhood. Far better be without a home and remain a spinster than enter into a state which will be one of wretchedness and misery.

There is one thing indispensable to a happy and successful marriage, and that is love.

Where there is no love there can be no happiness, there is no home, and where home is not heaven can not be. An ancient philosopher said: "I had a good wife. Where she was there was home, and to me home was heaven."

A good woman can make home a heaven for any man.

If they truly love each other the woman can teach and lead the man far more than she supposes. She yields an indelible influence over him which is ever present and ever felt by him.

There is an intangible something about a woman that can unconsciously control the actions of a man. She has a perceptibly and forthright, and intuitive perceptiveness, denied to man, which enables her to see far ahead and advise him as to what is right in all exigencies and circumstances.

Crises come to most men's lives, when, without the guiding influence, or, rather, instinct, of their wives, they would go down to ruin. This is why so many men will tell you that they owe all their success to their wives.

Lord Brougham once said: "If I were making up a plan of consequences, I should first like to marry with a sensible woman."

History is full of instances where the world's greatest men when in doubt had recourse to woman's counsel and guidance. Many are inclined to believe that all Napoleon's mighty successes were due to the wise advice of Josephine; that his ill fortunes began when he cast her off.

The majority of the world's successful men directly owed their greatness to woman's influence.

The ideal marriage is a thing of heaven, not of earth; it is the coronation of life whose rule shall stretch into the immortality of eternity. Therefore, what a sacred relationship it should be! How all-important, how transcendently divine!

How the young girl should ponder before she enters into the relationship so vital to her being; yet, to her immortal soul.

Better, young woman, to work for your daily bread than outrage your womanhood and do violence to the sanctities of marriage by taking its vow to escape from limitations of already unhappy conditions.

An unhappy union transmits the gold of either party into molten lead, which burns and blisters and corrodes at every touch.

When you marry be sure that your love will be able to make a home what a home should be in the right meaning of that sacred word; a place where peace and contentment dwell and the sunlight of happiness ever glides the walls.

You must be all in all to your husband, the love star of his existence, the light to guide him in every darkness that falls on life's pathway.

Try to cultivate those domestic virtues which will make the family life a miniature paradise to attract to his heaven the one you love.

Wear a smile and have sunshine in your heart, and when the cares of the world press down on the shoulders of him you have chosen of all others, you will be able to lighten the burden by your love.—Matison C. Peters, in *Detroit Free Press*.

Maintaining His Dignity.

Even the elevator boy has to draw the line somewhere, to prevent his being made too common. The maid who announced to the guest who was in the door that "she didn't hear her until one had rung three times," awarded her match in the elevator boy, decided by a writer in the *New York Evening Post*.

"If any one calls, Percy, while I am out, tell him to wait. I shall be right back," said the woman to the apartment house elevator boy.

There was no answer.

"Did you hear me? Who do I call you?" asked the woman, in a somewhat impatient tone.

"I never answers, m."

It is the Inevitable Outcome of the Cooling of a Globe

From Prof. Lowell's "The Evolution of Life in the February Century."

So far as we have evidence, life is an inevitable outcome of the cooling of a globe, provided that globe be sufficiently large. For life did not reach the earth from without. No fanciful meteorite bore it the seeds which have since sprouted and overran its surface. Meteorites gave it life. Indeed, but in the more fundamental way in which all nature's processes are done, by supplying it with matter only from within by evolution life arose. Of this we are absolutely certain from the fact that while meteors were falling upon it in any numbers they were forming its mass, the full heat of which had not yet been evolved by their impact and subsequent condensation. The heat that thence ensued was excessive many fold greater than sufficed to kill any germs that might have come to it housed in the meteorites themselves. Thus the action due the meteorites after they came must have annihilated any organic possibilities they may have brought with them. Those arriving after the heat had waned enough to make survival possible found life already started, since protoplasm formed the moment cooling permitted of it.

The proof that life was here spontaneously evolved appears at every stage in its history, not only in its origin but at every step of its progress upward where a marked departure occurs from its previous course. It and the environment are observed to have changed together. Two short parallel columns the one showing the changes that have occurred in the habitat, the other those supervening in the habitat, will make this not simply clear, but striking. As effective as the well-known deadly parallel of oratorical utterances, this life-giving one reaches the same certainty through the probabilities disclosed.

Occasion of this vital parallelism occurs at the very start. Indeed, we may go back of this and note agreement before the start. For until the conditions were such as could support life, no life appeared. This is the first coincidence. Another follows on its heels with the dawn both of conditions fit for some existence and of that existence itself. The waters were in their places. No other portion of the surface could then have offered it a home, and nowhere except in the sea is it thus found.

The simultaneity of each new birth and each new cradler craps up again when a new field arose by the unmaking of the land. As soon as this was suitable, plants appeared to take possession of it, and from that time on neglected more and more the sea.

The fourth parallel is found in the significant fact that the edible plants and the plant-eaters made their debut on the scene together in Miocene times, the world having got along without both before that epoch. This entry hand in hand, so to speak, De Laporte, the great French geologist, does not hesitate to link logically, and to regard the one as the necessary complement of the other. If this were not the case, there is certainly no reason why they should appear at the same instant of time. Food evokes its eater in fact as definitely as in phraseology.

The last of this possession of coincidences, man, came on the globe at the time when the cooling of the globe rendered his own extension possible at the least expense to himself. His brain allowed him to take advantage of conditions less intrinsically favorable than other animals could endure. His mind clothed his body and gave him fire, and with these two products he sallied forth into a world where antagonists were chiefly climatic, with which he was fitted to cope.

Thus all along the line we perceive that life and its domicile arose together. The second is necessary to the first and the first is always sufficient to the occasion. The coincidence of the possibility and its seizure, of the pulse and the esse, seems to be a general principle of evolution. Endless variation is constantly in progress, and this variation takes advantage of any opportunity so soon as it occurs. Life but waits in the wings of existence for its cue, to enter the scene the moment the stage is set.

February St. Nicholas.

The novel feature of the February St. Nicholas is the first installment of "The Story of the League," illustrated with reproductions of sixteen photographs of girls and boys who have been cash prize and gold badge winners in St. Nicholas League contests. This feature is to be continued, as it is the wish of the League Editor to publish their portraits—and some of the work—of as many honor members of the League as may be possible—and an interesting and suggestive showing it makes.

All the boys will enjoy—why not the girls too?—C. H. Claudy's story of "Ford's Trip in a Runaway Balloon," the tale of a plucky lad's unusual and risky experience. With the story go nineteen pictures, reproductions of photographs "taken on the spot," showing how a balloon is sent up.

The serials—"The Gentle Interference of Bub," "Harry's Islands," "Three Years Behind the Gun," and "Famous Indian Chiefs"—are well under way, and there are short stories, rhymes and sketches in plenty. "Hints and Helps for Mother" this month tells girls and boys how valentines may be made at home out of materials likely to be at hand—valentines dainty and funny. And the merry "Far Very Little Folks Department" has several pages of jingles and pictures "All About Bo-Bo Bear, Bubby Bear and Baby Bear."

Trouble for the Editor.

"I can't keep the visitors from coming up," said the office boy dejectedly. "When I say you're out they don't believe me. They say they must see you."

"Well," said the editor, "just tell them that's what they all say. I don't care if you check them, but I must have quietness."

That afternoon there called at the office a lady with hurl features and an audacious expression. She wanted to see the editor, and the boy assured her that it was impossible.

"But I must see him!" she protested. "I'm his wife."

"That's what they all say," replied the boy.

That is why he found himself on the floor, with the lady sitting on his neck and smacking his head with a ruler, and that is why there is a new boy wanted there.

Beats (Signature) This Is Your Bear's Name 1187-2

Quotations from Mrs. Sanderson.

I cannot believe that there is any woman worthy to be called good, who does not want to do all she can for the good government of her city, her State and her country. And we have come to realize that this can be done by women who have the power to say what the government shall be.

Let us go back to the derivation of the word politics, which means the government of the city and the State. We know that in the city and the States the home, and we stand for the home. For this reason, and because the home is being neglected and forgotten, we feel that we can no longer stand aloof. The object is not to destroy the home, but, on the contrary, to stand for the home, to build up the home, to make it the center of our city and country.

After our term in prison we set to work in earnest to convert England and Scotland, Ireland we left alone, for where there is anything like a rebellion, you can count on Ireland. We were sure of Ireland. No one would dare say that the Irishwomen were not as good as the Englishwomen, or that they ought to have what ever right the Englishwomen had.

We went to Scotland, and there was more enthusiasm there than in England. On the whole, Scotland is quite the easiest place I know to convert to woman suffrage. When I go back, I am going to Wales, to speak to the men coming out of the mines.

College Equal Suffrage League.

Miss Florence Garvin sends the following good news: The Rhode Island College Equal Suffrage League was organized Saturday, Dec. 14, at a meeting at the home of Dr. Alice M. Ballou, 31 Congdon street, Providence. A constitution was adopted at this meeting. Committees and a Secretary pro tem were elected. The charter members numbered 18. The next meeting of the league will be in January.

The Woman Citizen sends hearty greeting to the College Equal Suffrage League.

What She Brought Back.

"Oh, yes, I got considerable out of my trip," said Mrs. Pettengill, with tempered enthusiasm. The Pettengill household is delightful in summer. Miss Hannah and finally accepted one of these urgent invitations—actually arriving as Spring appeared—to spend a few days in town with some of those consorts—of greater or less "distance"—who frequently dropped in and spent a few weeks with her in summer time.

"Certainly the stores are big, but I can do pretty well in the village, and I never did fancy tramping round in trolley cars. There's the sights, to be sure, but I never saw much of a hand to go sightseeing. But I guess I got plenty while I was up to New York to keep me from making the rest of my days!"

"For instance, there's the difference between city folks 'n' country folks—or, say, the difference between city folks in the city an' city folks when they're in the country."

"Now in the country they don't appear to be shy at hain 'n' eggs for breakfast, preceded by a smart help o' honey or oatmeal with plenty o' cream; an' most o' 'em can piece in a few pancakes 'n' empty the maple syrup onto 'em with the best of us. Of course two or three cups o' coffee go with the test, an' some slices o' home made bread; an' I've seen them that could do all with doughnuts or a piece o' apple pie."

"But when city folks are under their own vine'n' fig tree—to speak figuratively—they put on a nice, generous looking tablecloth, with a fine showing of silver." Then they plant a coffee pot on the table an' set on a plate o' half baked grocery rolls. Fin'ly they fetch in a dish of breakfast food; an' then somebody says—quite like she thought she was saying something interesting—"Breakfast is ready!"— Youth's Companion.

"How did you amuse yourselves while you had the whooping cough?" asked Uncle Jack of his usual nephews.

"We played Indiana," they answered in chorus, "and our war whoops were great."

"So your husband has reduced betting on the horses to a science?"

"Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins.

"But he doesn't win."

"No. He is not one of those who uses science for vulgar gain."—Washington Star.

"Women don't have logical minds!" said Shrewd, bluntly.

"They don't need them if they are as lucky as I am," said his wife, sweetly. "You see, I have you to think for me!"

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SCORING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Scoring Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Ask your doctor, or mother, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives comfort and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Scoring Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Beware of cheap imitations. "Mrs. Winslow's Scoring Syrup" Guaranteed. June 30th, 1900. Serial number 1028.

The only satisfied man is the one who can get no more.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep improve the quality of the blood, and purify and lighten the complexion, is what many persons are in need of. Sufferers from piles, hemorrhoids, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

It's easy to slip.

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

Fat is to beat what cream is to milk.

Will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. Carter's Little Liver Pills. This is not talk, but truth. One Pill a dose. See advertisement. Small dose. Small price.

Poor men stand prosperity but many are willing to try.

The well known strengthening properties of iron combined with other tonics and a most powerful purgative, is the basis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is a most effective remedy for all the ailments of the blood.

A cat never actually wags its tail. Why should it when it can purr? But nevertheless, it seems to serve the same purpose in permitting a temporary expenditure of excess nervous energy when the animal is under great strain. For instance, when carefully stalking a bird or a man, as in the case of a kitten or a lion, the tip of the tail is never still for a moment—ever curling and uncurling. We may compare this to the nervous tapping of the foot or fingers in a man. When an angry lion is snarling his hottest, his tail will frequently lash from side to side, giving rise among the animals to the belief that he scourged his body with a hook or thorn which grew from the end of the tail.

When a jaguar walks along a slender branch or a fence top permebrates the top of a board fence, we perceive another important function of the tail—that of aid in balancing. As a tight-rope performer swings his pole, so the feline shifts his tail to perceive the centre of gravity.

The tail of a sheep seems to be of little use to its owner, although in the breed which is found in Asia Minor and on the tablelands of Turkey this organ function as a storehouse of fat, and sometimes reaches a weight of fifty pounds. When viewed from behind, the animal seems all tail, and when this appendage reaches its full size it is either fastened between two sticks which drag on the ground, or it is suspended on two small wheels.

Take another of our animals, a fierce little weasel, clad in summer in a coat of brown, in winter turning white, but always with a jet black tip to the tail. The ermine, as it is incorrectly called in its winter coat, has an easy time of it sneaking on the mice and birds upon which it preys, but when a hawk takes after it, in an open field in the sunlight, or an owl in the moon-light, it would have but short shift with all its sinuous leaping, were it not that the black tail tip is so conspicuous that it constantly attracts the eye and allows the pure white of the body to be confused with the spotted snow. Even when we place a dead weasel on the snow and look at it from a distance, we realize how true this is, and how valuable must be the pencil tuft of black hairs to this little vermin who spends his life in hunting or being hunted.—*Quincy Magazine*.

The Height of Honesty.

A number of small North Delaware street girls had opened a luncheon stand at the edge of the curb. The drink was in a large glass pitcher with sliced lemons floating appetizingly at the top. One small girl, with a red crayon, had lettered the word "artificial" and leaped it against the pitcher.

"What's that for?" inquired a passer-by.

"Pure food law," said the girls in chorus.

"But why should you label it? Are not the water, the lemons and the sugar pure?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's the artificial about it?"

"The ice!"—*Indianapolis News*.

He Knew His Sister.

Since the engagement of his pretty sister her small brother had been puzzling his head to understand what it meant.

"Why," exclaimed his mother, "Mr. Skaggs has asked sister to marry him. That means that he'll take care of her."

"Buy her things?" asked the boy.

"Yes."

"Lips and dimes and ice cream and everything?" he persisted.

"Yes," was the answer.

The boy thought it all over for a moment, and then he said:

"Well, that man's got lots of courage, hasn't he?"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Reassured.

Mistress—Did any one call while I was out?

New Girl—Yes, mum; Mrs. Green called.

"Did she seem disappointed when you said I was not at home?"

"Well, she did look a little queer, but I told her she needn't get cross about it, 'cause it was really true this time."

The late General Shafter used to enjoy telling how, during the Civil war, several wounded officers and a few privates were going up the valley of Virgolia, when a car came on, forcing all hands to take refuge in a school house.

It chanced that during the night a skunk had found its way under the floor and by and by had announced its presence after its well-known effective manner.

The officers all waked up, but being gentlemen and each supposing that the others were still asleep, they kept silent. At last one of the privates, a German, could restrain himself no longer.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Dis is awful! Dey sleepen and I wakes, and I haf got to smell it all!"—*Lippincott's*.

Clarence—"And do you mean to say that you received no invitation to the Burbridge's ball?"

Arthur—"No, but Jove! But I shall get fully well even with them, y' know."

Clarence—"What shall you do, old chappie?"

Arthur—"I shaw'n't go!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Madam," said the man at the door, "I'm a dealer in second-hand pianos."

"We don't want any," said Mrs. Bangs, "my daughter's got a piano already."

"I know, madam; I say of sell. The woman next door said you didn't have any one in the house who knew how to play on it."

"—*Philadelphia Press*.

Assume—"Did you actually have the nerve to propose to that Boston girl?"

Yerkes—"Yes, I told her my heart beat a widdy for her sole and—"

Assume—"She didn't believe you."

Yerkes—"No, she received over and felt my pulse!"—*Philadelphia Press*.

"That congressman who used to be a hunter mum, ought to have an easy time with his bills?" "Why so?" "Because he is so used to hitting!"—*Baltimore American*.

The engaged girl—I've always heard that boys is blind.

The Matron—Yes, our marriage is a great occult!—*Los Angeles*.

"Why is this cheese so full of holes?"

"That's all right. It needs a little more holes!"—*Idaho Falls*.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In reading matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. All questions must be clearly stated. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in plain stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature. Direct all communications to: Miss E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1908.

QUERIES.

6588. GARDNER, HENRY—I should like to ask W. B. B. N. if in his Gardner data he has a Hepzibah Gardner who married Ench Hill of East Machias, Me. He died Feb. 8, 1856. She died March 11, 1860. I am searching for the ancestors of this Hepzibah Gardner.—A. C. M.

6589. ANTILL—In "Antill Genealogy" I find Edward Antill (son of Edward Antill of Richmond, in the County of Surrey in Old England, merchant, but late of New York, in America, attorney-at-law, and Sarah, his wife) was born in New York, June 17, 1701.

Edward (1) Antill, born 1688, married, first, Elizabeth Bayne, license dated Sept. 10, 1688. In his will, dated June 10, 1704, he named wife Sarah, which shows he was twice married. He said to have married Sarah in England. Although his will was not proved until April 7, 1725, he probably died soon after making it in 1704. Edward (1) is first mentioned in New York in 1681-2 as a prominent merchant buying land in New York and later in New Jersey. By first wife (Elizabeth) he had: William (2), Charles (2), Anne (2); by second wife (Sarah), Edward (2), born June 17, 1701; Elizabeth (2) and George (2). No further account has been found of these children except Edward. They either died young or removed from New York.

In published vital records of Bristol, R. I., I find Mary Antill married William Gallup, Dec. 18, 1721, by R. L. James McSparran at Bristol, R. I. Mary (Antill) Gallup died Feb. 20, 1762. William (4) Gallup (Captain Samuel 3, Captain Samuel 2, John 1), born Aug. 18, 1695, probably at Bristol. There is no mention of Mary among the children of Edward (1) in the "Antill Genealogy," although it seemed to me she might have been a daughter of Edward (1) and first wife, Elizabeth. She could hardly have been a sister of Edward (1), nor could she have been a granddaughter of Edward (1), for he was not married until 1688, and she (Mary) was married in 1721. Can anyone assist me in locating this Mary Antill? Where did William Gallup become acquainted with her and where did she live? (No other Antill is mentioned in Bristol records.) Who were her ancestors?—A. C. M.

6590. ROUNDS, MASON—John (2) (John 1) Rounds, residence, Swansea, Mass., had a daughter, Ruth, who died Oct. 14, 1740. She married Benjamin (2) (Samuel 1) Mason. He was born Oct. 20, 1670, died August or September, 1740. They resided in Rehoboth, Mass. Can anyone give me date of marriage of Ruth Rounds and Benjamin Mason, date of her birth and her mother's name?—A. C. M.

6591. THURBER—John (1) Thurber resided in Swansea, Mass., died 1706; wife's name Pricilla. She was living in 1706. Who were his ancestors, when and where was he born and married? Who were his wife Pricilla's ancestors, when and where was she born?—A. C. M.

6592. HARMON, BLISS—James (2) Thurber (John 1), born Aug. 26, 1680, in England, lived in Rehoboth, Mass., died March 23, 1736. James (2) was married Elizabeth Bliss (she was born Jan. 28, 1687), daughter of Jonathan (2) (Thomas 1) Bliss and Miriam (Harmon) Bliss. Was Miriam Harmon the daughter of James Harmon, who came from London, 1635, to Plymouth, Mass.? Who were Miriam Harmon's ancestors? James (2) Thurber was brother of Charity (2) Thurber, who married Robert Miller, Jr., of Rehoboth, Feb. 12, 1680.—A. C. M.

6593. MOUTON, BULLOCK—Ebenzer (3) Bullock (Samuel 2, Richard 1) born July 22, 1676, in Swansea, Mass., married March, 1693, Sarah Moulton. They probably lived in Rehoboth, Mass. Can anyone help me to locate this Sarah Moulton and find her ancestors, with dates? Was she of the same family as Ruth Moulton, who married Samuel (4) Ingalls (Edmond 3, John 2, Edmund 1), June 11, 1744?—A. C. M.

6594. PHILLIPS, GALLOP—Will some reader who has access to "The Family and Vicissitudes of John Phillips, 1602-1692," of Duxbury and Marshfield, by Axel Ames, kindly inform me if there is any reference to Mary Phillips, who married Captain Samuel Gallup, Nov. 20, 1680, and lived in Boston, Mass.—A. C. M.

6595. SOUTHWORTH, COLLIER—Constant (2) Southworth (Edward 1) married Elizabeth (2) Collier, Nov. 2, 1687, at Plymouth. Constant (2) Southworth was assistant to Governor Bradford. Can any reader inform me the wife's name and ancestors of William Collier, with dates?—A. C. M.

6596. HILL—Jonathan (1) Hill died 1690. Residence, Providence, Portsmouth, R. I.; married Mary. Who were his ancestors, with dates? Also, his wife Mary's ancestors, with dates.—A. C. M.

6597. HILL—Jonathan (2) Hill, born 1657, died Sept. 5, 1731, lived at Providence, Portsmouth, R. I. What was his wife's name, with ancestors and dates?—A. C. M.

6598. ROUNDS—Richard (3) (John 1, John 2) Rounds, born May 4, married, 1701, Ann Martin. Can any

one inform me the name of John's (1) wife? Also, John (2) Round's wife, with dates and residence?—A. C. M.

6599. BARNETT, INGALLS—John (2) (Edmond 1) Ingalls, born 1625, in Shilbush, England, lived in Salem, Lynn and Rehoboth, Mass., married, May 20, 1667, Elizabeth Barnett. Can anyone inform me who Elizabeth Barnett's ancestors were?—A. C. M.

6600. MILLER—Aaron Miller married Ruth Ingalls, and had: Polly Miller, born 1783, died Aug. 14, 1859; Polly Miller married Robert (6) (Ambrose 6) Deacon Thomas 4, Jonathan 3, Nicholas 2, Joseph 1) Peck of Swansea. Can anyone inform me who were the ancestors of Aaron Miller?—A. C. M.

6601. LINSAY, LINDSEY—The earliest ancestor of the Linsay or Lindsey family in Bristol, R. I., was John Lindsey, who came from Scotland, Bristol vital records give John Lindsey and Elizabeth Monroe, married, Aug. 23, 1691. They had eight children, among them was William (sixth child), born July 2, 1713. He married Mary Wardwell, Oct. 15, 1737, and had: Mary, born Nov. 13, 1738 (and five other children). Now can anyone inform me whom Mary daughter of William and Mary (Wardwell) Lindsey married? Can she be Polly, who, Ira B. Peck in his "Peck Genealogy," page 147, No. 1637, says married Ambrose Peck of Swansea, Mass.? If so, give dates of marriage and place. Perhaps J. G. L. will kindly answer this query, and he is near the Swansea records.

The town clerk of Swansea writes that the marriage of Ambrose Peck and Polly Lindsey is not on Swansea records. They must have been married elsewhere.—A. C. M.

6602. HATLE, BULLOCK—Richard Hatle married Mary Bullock (Richard 1), I suspect they lived in Swansea or Rehoboth, Mass. Who were Richard Hatle's ancestors? Mary Bullock was the third child of Richard, born Feb. 16, 1652, died in Swansea, now Warren, Feb. 15, 1780. She married Richard Hatle about 1676. He was born 1640, and died Sept. 9, 1720. He was of Newport 1675, and admitted an inhabitant of Swansea, 1677. He was the ancestor of all of that name in Swansea, Rehoboth and Warren. Both he and his wife were buried in the old burying ground at Kiskimuntz.—A. C. M.

6603. LUTHER—John Luther was ancestor of the Luther family in America. Who was his wife? Where did he come from in America? Rev. Samuel (2) (Capt. John 1) married Mary Abell. He was born in Taunton, Mass. 1638, was admitted an inhabitant of Rehoboth, Mass., in 1661, and with his brother Hezekiah, was one of the first settlers in Swansea, 1667. He died Dec. 29, 1716. Was Mary (Abell) Luther a daughter of Robert Abell, who was a resident of Rehoboth in 1653? Hezekiah (2), (Capt. John 1) a brother of Rev. Samuel, was also born at Taunton, in 1649, married (1) Feb. 23, 1693, at Dorchester, Mass., Elizabeth; married (2) Sarah Butlerworth. There were seven children. Can any one give me the maiden name of Elizabeth, the 1st wife? Also the dates of her birth and death.

Can any one inform me who were the ancestors of Sarah Butlerworth the 2d wife, with dates of birth and death? Was she a sister of Mary Butlerworth, who married Sampson Mason of Dorchester and Rehoboth? Sampson and Mary Mason had three children in 1657. He was buried Sept. 15, 1676. If Sarah and Mary were sisters, they were daughters of John Butlerworth of Weymouth.

Samuel (3), Rev. Samuel 2, Captain John (1) married Sarah. What was her maiden name, with ancestors, dates and residence?—A. C. M.

6604. WHEATON, CORNELL—Would like to know the first name and ancestry of Wheaton, who married Mary Cornell. She was born 1752.—J. C.

6605. SMITH—Can any one tell me anything of Nathan Smith, of Rhode Island, a Surgeon and a Loyalist?—J. C.

Middletown.

An informal reception was tendered the new rector of St. Mary's Church, Middletown, last week, the Rev. Frederick W. Goodman, at Holy Cross Guild House. Music was furnished by Groll's Orchestra of Newport, and light refreshments were served. About a hundred guests were present.

Owing to the prevalence of ice on the roads which rendered travelling in the evening quite unsafe, no service was held Sunday evening at the Methodist Episcopal Church. The heavy rain of Saturday had over-run the roads and frozen in many places.

Contrary to the report that difficulty had been experienced in heating the new Wetherbee School, on Honeyman Hill, it was found upon investigation that it was due to a lack of understanding of the heater. This having been soon remedied, the conditions have since been very satisfactory.

A turkey supper will be given at the vestry of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Thursday evening of next week by the men of the parish. These suppers have been an annual and popular feature at this church for quite a period of years.

The only two Middletown pupils to graduate from the Rhode Island Normal School, Providence, this year, Miss Gladys Brown, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Abram A. Brown, and Miss Edith May Peckham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham, completed the latter part of January, their two and a half year's course. Miss Brown began teaching at once at Plainfield, N. J., in the primary grade, and Miss Peckham at Arlington, R. I., in a grammar grade.

Three of the recent summer and fall brides, Mrs. C. Leroy Grinnell and Mrs. Joseph E. Faroum of Providence, and Miss John B. Ward, Jr., of Boston, have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Oscar Peckham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Ward, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Peckham during the week. Mrs. Grinnell was called home by the sudden illness of her sister, Miss Lizzie C. Peckham, who underwent on Saturday last a successful operation for appendicitis at the Channing Hospital, Newport. Her condition is considered favorable to an early recovery.

Owing to the prayer meetings being

held among the Methodist Churches in Newport, on Friday evening the devotional meetings of the Epworth League, which always occur on this evening, have been changed, for the present, to Tuesday evening, that the members of the League may attend the Newport services.

On Wednesday evening, at Holy Cross Guild House, the ladies of the Guild served a quaker chowder to about fifty, the proceeds contributing to the running expenses. The ladies' Aid of the Methodist Episcopal Church also held their monthly supper the same evening at the church vestry, providing an appetizing supper of brown bread and beans, cake, and coffee, to about fifty people. The supper was followed by a social.

At the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange, to be held next Thursday at the town hall, the lecturer's hour will be devoted to "Reminiscences of Lincoln and Washington." The first committee will include Mrs. G. J. H. Schwartz, Mrs. E. Marion Peckham, and her daughter, Mrs. William C. Hubbell.

The recent stormy Saturdays have caused a small attendance at the children's dancing class held by Miss Kate Holland of Newport, at Holy Cross Guild House.

A cottage house is to be erected on Green End, avenue opposite Turner's Road, which will be occupied by Portuguese. The land was formerly owned by Melville Bull.

An organization known as the Berkeley Men's Club has been formed in connection with the new parish house of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. The club is designed chiefly for social purposes and will have the use of the men's reading room and the large hall as often as it proves suitable to keep the building open and heated. The first meeting, which was a preliminary one, was held at the parish house on Thursday afternoon to organize.

Previous to this circular letters had been sent to the gentlemen of the parish inviting them to join in this effort to promote the social life and friendly intercourse among the men of the community. Mr. Joel Peckham has been appointed president and Mr. Daniel A. Peckham secretary and treasurer. Rev. Latta Griswold will purchase magazines, games, etc., money having been distributed for this purpose by Mrs. T. Shaw Safe. The weather was quite unfavorable and the attendance not so large in consequence. Eleven were present.

It is proposed to have the building open one afternoon and evening a week for the use of the members, Wednesday being the date set for next week.

Young Men's Republican Club.

President—John R. Austin. Vice—Frederick L. Chase, Jr. Secretary and Treasurer—John Nicholson. Executive Committee—Daniel A. Peckham, Jr., A. Herbert Ward, Daniel A. Peckham, Social Committee—Reuben W. Peckham, Louis B. Macomber, Edward J. Peckham, Albert C. Young, Elton W. Peckham. Registration Committee—Walter E. Barker, Howard C. Peckham, Isaac J. Congdon, Frederick H. Spooner, William Chase. Membership Committee—James R. Chase, Jr., Nathaniel D. Chapman, Jr., Percy E. Bailey, George Peabody, E. Marion Peckham.

Lincoln's Birthday.

Next Wednesday, February 12th, will be the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln and will be appropriately observed by the pupils in the schools. In the afternoon the bronze tablet in the Rogers High School, bearing Lincoln's Gettysburg address, will be dedicated with fitting ceremonies.

The following details have been made from the Grand Army Posts to visit the schools and take part in the exercises:

Cullender—H. C. Baskeller, P. W. Townsend, Roland O. Hammond, George B. Smith, Daniel J. Moriarty. Calvert—Captain J. P. Cotton, J. T. Delano, George P. Lawton, Benjamin Easton, E. H. Tiley, A. L. Trowbridge, D. M. Coggeshall. H. A. Carey—James H. Hampton, George A. Brown, Frederick Grossman, Robert Cradle, D. O. Deunham, S. M. Marden. Clarke—E. P. Gomes, W. P. Smith, J. B. F. Smith, W. H. Barlow, William A. Jackson, D. B. Peabody, Peter Scott.

Coddington—Past Department Commander A. K. McMahon, William B. Bailey, William H. Durfee, Benjamin A. Peckham, Benjamin S. Brown, Zachariah Chase.

Craggshall—William S. Slocum, J. B. Hays, C. A. Batebrooks, G. A. Fitchard, E. T. Bosworth, Colonel J. R. Leslie, William B. West.

Cranston—J. I. Greene, Colonel John Rogers, B. H. Dawley, Edwin R. Bismont, Dennis Baker, A. F. Squire, M. D. Thomas Blacklock.

Edward—Forewell—William P. Deunham, J. T. Ry, Charles E. Ash, William H. Barker, James Sheehan, A. P. Bryant.

Lentick—J. B. Mason, Benjamin F. Davis, Henry Bull, Thomas S. Hudson, Alexander Barney, George B. Smith.

Parish—Thomas Sharpe, William H. Kelley, John Sullivan, John B. Sullivan, John S. Ellis.

Potter—James H. Chappelle, Benjamin Canwell, E. R. Smith, Patrick Fitzpatrick.

Thayer—Senior Vice Commander W. O. Milne, Dr. John H. Sabinson, Charles H. Clarke, William H. Cradell.

Clarke school, Jamestown—Quintus A. Clarke, Horace W. Arnold.

Valentines!

A FINE

ASSORTMENT

—AT—

CARR'S,

Daily News Building.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

SENATE.

Providence, February 6th, 1908.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Fisheries of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled "An Act in Addition to Chapter 37 of the General Laws, entitled

"OF CERTAIN FISHERIES."

In Committee Room, 218, State House, Providence, on TUESDAY, February 11th, 1908, upon the rising of the Senate.

EDWARD L. STODARD, Chairman.

H. C. L. BREAULT, Clerk—281w

EVERY DAY

Brings some addition to this big stock that some one's bound to be interested in. Every day we try to make you understand the exceptional advantages which these offerings have for you, but never by a word that stronger than the case requires. Today it's

COUCHES.

Nothing we're more particular about than the construction of our upholstered furniture. Pretty? That goes without saying. Everything in this store is pretty; but it's the inside we're most particular about—to be sure that the frame is rightly made so that it won't warp—to be sure that the springs are steel and finely tempered and that there are enough of them so that the body won't slump in; to be sure that the filling is of the right sort so that it won't mat; to be sure that when you get it home you won't come back and say there's something wrong with it—that's our couch story, except the price. From

\$12.00

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.



Slush--Wet Feet--Severe Illness

Better stay at home and not run any risk. Do your errands by

TELEPHONE.

Residence rates are reasonable.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET

Probate Court of the City of Newport, February 1st, 1908.

Estate of William E. DENNIS, Jr., Decedent.

WILLIAM E. DENNIS, JR., Temporary Guardian of the person and estate of William E. DENNIS, of full age, of said Newport, presents his second annual account with the estate of his ward, for allowance; and the same is received and referred to the twenty-fourth day of February next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

-283w

VII.

For Sale or Exchange

Seven acre pond lot cottage, One Mile Corner, lots Brooks Avenue and Whitwell Avenue and Almy Court.

W. G. PECKHAM,
Westfield, N. J.

THE Edison Phonograph

Makes home the most entertaining spot on earth. You can give a dance with an Edison Phonograph, supply music at a reception, accompany a singer, entertain the children, break the ice at a party, while away pleasantly a few hours when you are alone.

Put it to the test. Go to the nearest Edison store and hear the new model with the big horn. Let us play for you some of the NEW FEBRUARY RECORDS.

If you already own an Edison remember that to get the fullest enjoyment out of it you must keep up with the new records.

Barney's Music Store

154 Thames Street

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

214 Thames Street.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 107, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court, April twenty-eighth, A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1907, in favor of Alvin W. Anthony, of said Newport, plaintiff, and against The Benhaven Realty Company, a corporation owning real estate in the City of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, The Benhaven Realty Company, had on the 1st day of February, A. D. 1908, at one minute past 12 o'clock p. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in and City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and to and described as follows: Beginning at Northwesterly corner on the Easterly side of Hammersmith Road (sometimes called Helen Road), where the parcel of land about to be described adjoins other land of said Benhaven Realty Company, thence running in a curved line in a Southerly and Easterly direction along the said Hammersmith Road to the point of beginning, containing 0.32 acres, more or less, and otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 4th day of February, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

NEWPORT, R. I.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to WEDNESDAY, March 19, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, Feb. 4th, A. D. 1908—281w

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, R. I. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 107, issued out of the Superior Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 11th day of November, A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court, February 4th, A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 20th day of October, A. D. 1907, in favor of Alvin W. Anthony, of the City of Newport, in the County of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, and against Thomas Cooper, of Attleboro, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Thomas Cooper, had on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1907, and referred to the time of the attachment on the original writ, in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: A certain lot or parcel of land, situated in the Town of Portsmouth and State of Rhode Island, and being lot No. 12 as marked on plan of land belonging to the said L. S. Greene, J. W. Condit and V. J. Hurley, surveyed by E. M. Corbett, Master of the Town Clerk of said Portsmouth, in said County of Newport, in said State of Rhode Island, and said reference may be had to said plan and said record for a further description of the lot hereby conveyed, and said premises are conveyed subject to the conditions and restrictions, being the same premises conveyed said Thomas Cooper, by John W. Condit and others, by deed dated May 10th, 1891, and recorded in Vol. 28, page 226, of the Land Evidence of Portsmouth, R. I., 1907, and said reference may be had to said deed for a further description of the lot, more or less, or however there be the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 10th day of February, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

1-18-1w

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

Sledding Notice!

In compliance with the provisions of Section 10, Chapter 12, of the Ordinances of the City of Newport, the following named streets are hereby designated as sledding places:

For Sledge Steds Only.

Sanford street, North Baptist street, Sherman street, Barney street, Prospect Hill street, Extension street, and North side of Washington square.

Double Runner Steds.

May be used on Mann avenue, Catherine street, Buena Vista street, and Bath Road, east of Rhode Island avenue, and Narragansett avenue and Webster street, west of Spring street, but not elsewhere.

Sledding On Sidewalks Positively Forbidden.

The Ordinances in regard to the cleaning of Snow and Ice from the sidewalks, and in regard to leaky gutters and spouts discharging on sidewalks will be enforced.

By order of

James R. Brayton,

Chief of Police.

Charles R. Brayton

WILL CONTINUE

—THE—

Practice of Law

—AT—

ROOMS 1036-7

BANIGAN BUILDING,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Telephone Union 53

===WANTED===

A representative in this county by a large real estate corporation. Special inducements to those who wish to become financially interested.

The Real Estate Security Co.

Fort Dearborn Building CHICAGO, ILL.

2-1-1w